The Bystander. No. 24. Vol. II. WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1904

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No. 24.—Vol. II. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 18, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.]

Photo by *Langfier*

Lady Vivian

Née Barbara Fanning, Lady Vivian, was a Step-daughter of the late Colonel Harry McCalmont. Her Marriage to Lord Vivian, who was formerly in the 17th Lancers, and who was Severely Wounded in the South African Campaign, Took Place Last Year

No. 24.—Vol. II.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, May 18, 1904

	PAGE
Frontispiece	665
The Bystander's Notes	667
The Bystander in Parliament	668
The Topictator	669
People of Interest	670
"With the Long Bow," by G. K. Chesterton	673
Parisiana	677
From Abroad	679
"At the Sign of the Times"	684
Whittingehame, the Premier's Scottish Seat	685
Concerning Mr. W. S. Gilbert	688
Veiled Green Eyes, by Ella Maclachan	690
Miss Lilian Braithwaite	693
"Saturday to Monday" at the St. James's Theatre	694
At the Charity Ball, by Edith St. L. Wilson	701
The Library	702
Gossip about Books and their Makers	704
The Play in London	706
Golf Notes and Notions, by Ernest Lehmann	710
The Art of Captaincy, by A. C. MacLaren	712
Automobile Topics, by Major Matson	717
Cricket: Warner's Team v. "The Rest of England" at Lord's	718
The Gordon Bennett Eliminating Trials	720
"Without Apology"	722
The Connoisseur	723
Bridge, by "Problematicus"	724
Fashionable Facts and Fancies, by Mrs. Jack May	723

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

May 18, 1904

The Radical Press is very disgusted because there is a British Mission penetrating Tibet. It is a great pity that the Party system forces politicians to take so one-sided a view of events. Because Lord Curzon is responsible for the advance towards Lhasa, in the organs of Liberalism it is, as a consequence, necessarily wrong.

One feels sorry for the Tibetans, it must be acknowledged, for the plight in which they find themselves. They are about a thousand years behind modern civilisation, and their crude attempts to exterminate the small British force which serenely continues on its way to Lhasa, deserve our pity from the lack of martial science displayed, although the Tibetans evidently have no aversion to spilling our blood.

The objection on the part of the Opposition, so far as one can gather, to this Mission penetrating into Tibet, is that the Tibetans are a harmless race, who leave India severely alone, and in return should be left alone. I take leave to disagree *in toto* with this idea. I do not admit, as a fundamental doctrine, that because a certain number of human beings people a certain territory they are, *ipso facto*, the only ones who have a right to be in it. We are fast finding the world too small, and every additional piece of territory which can be made to yield up its fruits is a gain, not only to those who open it up, but to the world in general.

Suppose that all the countries of the earth were to decide to shut themselves up unto themselves, and to hold no intercourse whatever with the outside world. Chaos would, in a short time reign supreme. Free intercourse and free inter-communication, by which one nation can barter its produce for the produce of the other, each supplying what the other has not, are the natural reasons why the earth's population has trebled itself since the days of the ancients, when mankind knew of naught beyond his gates.

Tibet undoubtedly contains mineral riches of great value, and its geographical surroundings are such that it would naturally hold an important position in the world's history. Its inhabitants, though sparse in numbers, are a fine race physically. The country has been, however, artificially stunted in growth, owing to its being priest-ridden to an amazing extent. Indeed, Rome in her palmiest days held nothing like the sway which the Dalai Lama at present exercises over his people.

Tibet covers an enormous area and one, moreover, naturally very fertile. Protected by vast mountain ranges north and south, itself a plateau of extraordinary altitude, it enjoys a temperate climate (with the exception of its greater heights). It is for the good of the world at large that this huge territory should be opened up to modern commerce. It is even more for the good of the Tibetans themselves. They may resent our presence in their sacred land, and the Lamas may adjure their people to expel the ubiquitous British Tommy, but before long, when, as I devoutly hope, the Dalai Lama and the remainder of the gang of Bhuddist bigots have been expelled, the Tibetan will devoutly thank the blessed day which brought the Englishmen into his country. For though, at the moment, he may be learning a sharp lesson, contentment and prosperity will follow, if he has perspicacity enough to profit from it.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, speaking last week on the agricultural problem, made a suggestion worth thinking over. "Why," he asked, "should not the farmer work on the joint-stock system?" Undoubtedly it is a suggestion which might commend itself to the farming industry. The want of the farmers is capital, and they always defend their want of enterprise in not obtaining the latest farm implements on this score. If they were to unite they could supply themselves with many urgent wants, even to purchasing motor-wagons to convey their produce to market.

BRIDGE: Readers of "The Bystander" who are interested in Bridge, should See Page 724. This week we are giving Twenty Consolation Prizes to the Competitors whose solutions deserve Honourable Mention. The new Consolation Prize, a number of which will be presented in every Fortnightly Competition, in addition to the Cash Prizes, is a "Bystander Bridge Box," containing two packs of the very best pneumatic playing cards, the back being a replica of our well-known cover.

The Bystander in Parliament

I suppose that if a vote were taken in the House of Commons as to who is the most experienced member in the House, Mr. Labouchere would "come out on top," as the phrase goes. "Labby" is gen rally regarded as resembling Joey Bagstock in being "devilish sly." Young, and even middle-aged, members regard him with awe as a past master of tactics. And yet—such is human frailty—only the other day "Labby" wandered unwittingly into the wrong lobby! After that anybody may surely do anything.

The delight with which a stray sheep is welcomed into the fold which he meant to avoid has always something unholy in it. As a rule, the wanderer is a simpleton, unversed in the ways of the House, and not sure as to the precise meaning of the subtleties of the question as put from the chair. But "Labby"! What a triumph must have thrilled the enemy when so notable a capture was made. It is said that the veteran took the mischance quietly—and I can believe it. He knew well enough that he could not escape. His lips moved, but 'twas not in prayer; he grinned and bore it, and he emerged wearing an expression of chastened equanimity that would have done credit to a Saint or an Early Father.

I fear that there was a general feeling of satisfaction on both sides when it was thus made clear that the famous member for Northampton was human, and was not too wise to err. He has played so many tricks in his time that when he was at last caught tripping there was a feeling as though the Doxology ought to have been sung by the clerks at the table. I well remember a successful little game he played on a young and innocent Tory—and if that Tory be still in the House, no longer either young or innocent, he will thank Heaven and take courage when he thinks of his astute enemy caught at last.

The game that the unregenerate and abandoned member for Northampton played was in this wise: The Liberals were trying to count out the House, and the Tories trying to keep a House. The bells rang for the count, and this Tory bolted breathlessly into the members' lobby from the St. Stephen's Club and ran against "Labby." "What's it about?" asked the anxious Tory. "Oh," said Mr. Labouchere, "it's only a count—I'll pair with you, if you like." The Tory agreed, and the House was counted out, though one more man would have kept a House. Now when the victim thought matters over, he saw all too well that you cannot "pair" for a count, and that this insidious "Labby" had not only himself withdrawn, but had induced the victim to do a supremely foolish thing, while thinking that he was making rather a smart bargain.

"Labby's" little slip was almost eclipsed by an incident of grave moment in the Lords. For there a noble Earl—Lord Cawdor—arose and addressed his brother-peers while wearing his hat! I believe there is some noble family whose members are allowed to wear the hat in the presence of the King—but no peer has the right to address the House of Parliament "hatted," if there be such a word. There was a pause, a shudder, a clearing of noble throats, and then a mild but firm cry of "Order."

Sad to say, the offender did not understand the cry, and the Lord Chancellor, so far from offering any guidance on this memorable occasion, rolled about on the Woolsack, almost helpless with merriment. The good Cawdor, with his hat on the back of his head, once more essayed to speak, but Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, and Barons all united in a cry of "Order" that approached a howl. Down sat the bothered Earl, while the Lord Chancellor seemed tempted to cram his wig in his mouth in order to smother his noble and learned laughter.

It was then explained to my Lord Cawdor what was wrong, so off went the hat and on went the speech—the situation was saved, a *modus vivendi* had been arrived at, and when at length the noble lord sat down and replaced his hat on his head he was understood to claim that he was then *in statu quo ante*. Lord Cawdor's motto, by the way, is "Be mindful"—an appropriate maxim. Meantime the Lord Chancellor was in a state of collapse, leaning on the mace.

Signalling to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he asked the astonished prelate this riddle, "Why was Cawdor unconscious of the fact that he had his hat on?" The Archbishop duly considered the matter gravely and decorously, and intimated that he was not prepared with an answer. "Give it up?" asked Lord Halsbury. The Primate nodded gloomily, and then the Lord Chancellor gasped out, "Because it was a silk hat—and not felt!" The strain was too much, and first aid had to be rendered.

They take these things light-heartedly in the Lords, but if a man were to rise to address the Commons wearing his hat the Speaker of the House would not shake himself and the place by his guffaws. I do not know what would happen to the man who so offended, but I am told by those very well informed men known as the *ad hoc quidnuncs* of Westminster that there is no doubt whatever as to what would happen to the hat. Its owner would be required to place it on the floor, and then jump on it. This is, however, only a problematical case, for no man has ever dared to wear his hat when standing and addressing the Commons—with the exception of Oliver Cromwell, and he would not regard any orders, standing or sessional. For Oliver had a way with him when he had his big boots on.

S. L. H.

The Topictator

THE 'MANILA TIMES' SAYS IT BEGINS TO LOOK AS IF RUSSIA WOULD REQUIRE AN OPEN DOOR IN MANCHURIA FOR HER OWN USE

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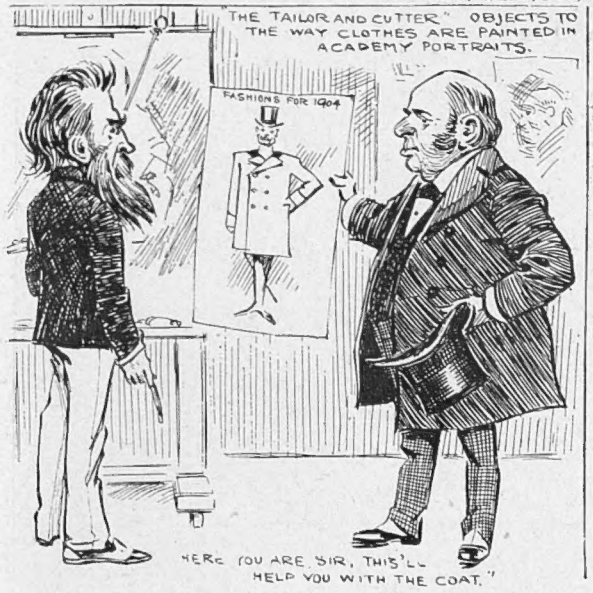
MR. J. C "AUSTEN, MY BOY, WHY TAX A NECESSITY LIKE TOBACCO? WHY NOT TAKE A HINT FROM SWEDEN?"
MR A. C "ALL VERY WELL, SIR, YOU'D BE EXEMPT"



"THE TAILOR AND CUTTER" OBJECTS TO THE WAY CLOTHES ARE PAINTED IN ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

"HERE YOU ARE, SIR, THIS'LL HELP YOU WITH THE COAT."

COUNTY CRICKETERS NOWADAYS ARE ALL —OR NEARLY ALL— JOURNALISTS.

"ONE MOMENT — JUST, KEEP LIKE THAT — I'LL WRITE A COLUMN DESCRIBING THAT ACTION"

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Miss Molly de Morgan

A most interesting musical event is the *début* of Miss Molly de Morgan, grand-daughter of the famous Professor de Morgan, who makes her first appearance to-night (Tuesday) at a concert specially arranged for her. She possesses a very beautiful and particularly sympathetic voice, and it has had every advantage of training, as she has been a pupil of the well-known French master, M. Boulay, who was very much interested in her success. Miss Molly de Morgan's personal appearance is also greatly in her favour, for she has refined, well-cut features, and the look of the genuine musician.

Miss Molly de Morgan

The Duke of Devonshire

Our photograph of the Duke of Devonshire is happy in at least in one direction—it dispels the very common illusion that his Grace is a very tired person and one to whom this world, with all its complexities, is replete with boredom. The Duke has been the subject of much minor libel in this way, and his most lifelike caricatures (for even his friends must perforce admit that they are lifelike) depict him sleeping the sleep of the tired and the just in the House while around him the political strife rages strongly. Whatever may be the effect of Westminster air on the Duke, Lismore air acts quite differently. When staying at his Irish seat, the Duke is transformed from a "bored" politician into a keen sportsman. As a young man he used to ride to hounds, and, though he bears his seventy years and more as lightly as any man, he favours the quieter pleasures of fishing and shooting when resting from political worries.

Photo by **The Duke of Devonshire Fishing at Lismore Castle, His Irish Seat in Co. Waterford** [*Poole*

(Our illustration of the Duke is from a photograph taken just after the departure of his guests, the King and Queen, May 4. Lismore Castle, originally founded in 1185, was in 1857 given to Sir Walter Raleigh, who sold it to the "great" Earl of Cork, whence it passed to the Devonshire family

Photo by *C. Vandyk*

Sir James Duke

Mr. Robert Sievier

THE TWO PRINCIPALS IN THE FAMOUS SLANDER CASE

The Sievier-Duke Slander Suit

Quite the *cause célèbre* of the past week was the action which Mr. "Bob" Sievier brought against Sir James Duke for slander. Mr. Sievier had to undergo a very severe cross-examination at the hands of Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., who elicited several damaging admissions. The verdict was given for the defendant, and we believe this will be endorsed by every decent man and woman. At the same time, one cannot help feeling sorry for Mr. Sievier. He is

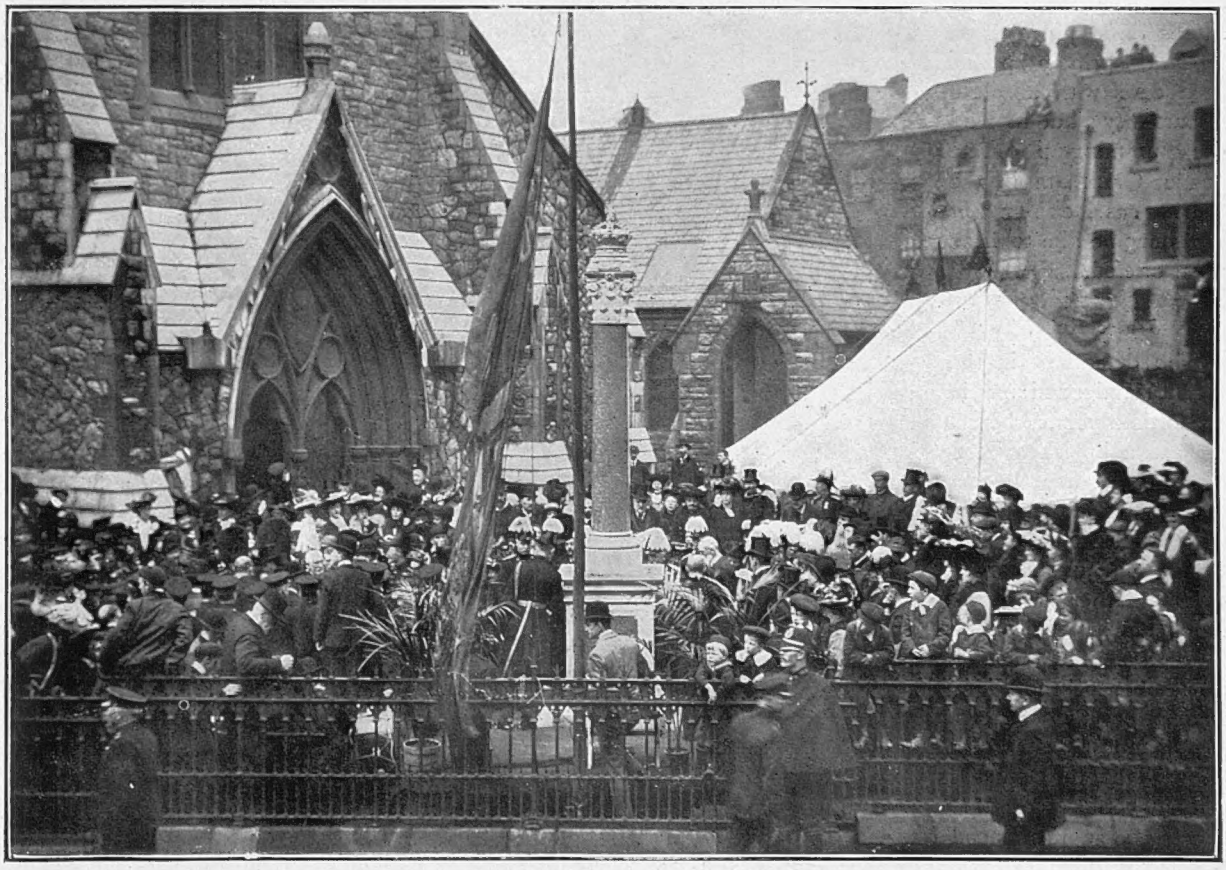


Photo by *D'Arcy*

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught Unveiling the Statue in St. Andrew's Churchyard, Dublin, Commemorating the Men of the 74th Dublin Company Imperial Yeomanry who Fell during the Boer War

not a very noble man, and perhaps his code of honour is somewhat elastic, but it must not be forgotten that a cross-examination reveals the very worst side of a man's character. Little matters which may not be really very serious become, in the witness-box, with the subtlety of an expert cross-examining counsel, very grave. Insinuations fall from the lips, and become exaggerated in a subsequent newspaper report. And so a man, or woman, who may not be very much better or very much worse than the majority of us, becomes magnified into a monster of wickedness. One of the most regrettable features of a nasty case was the attitude of the judge. Sir William Grantham is universally esteemed, and with his cold, immobile features, he looks to the full his *rôle*. But he frequently forgets that on the Bench he is not an advocate, and in summing up is apt to be very deadly towards the side he believes to be guilty or in the wrong. The *métier* of a judge is to repeat the principal points in a case with absolute impartiality; but to read the summing-up of Mr. Justice Grantham in the Sievier case, one might well imagine him to have been briefed.

Sir James Duke, Bart.

The defendant in the recent slander action is in his fortieth year, although he has a boyish appearance and might well pass for a man under thirty. He is the second baronet, the title being bestowed on his father, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1848-9. Sir James is a member of the Committee of the Raleigh Club, and it was in this capacity that he expressed his objection to Mr. Sievier being introduced into the club house. The Raleigh, though not one of the oldest, is a very select club; its premises are situated in Regent Street, and it has a membership of about 800.

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

Miss Dora Barton

Who plays the part of the *ingénue* in *The Rich Mrs. Repton* at the Duke of York's Theatre

A Youthful Peeress

Lady Vivian, whose portrait forms the subject of our frontispiece this week, was, before her marriage with Lord Vivian last August, Miss Barbara Fanning, a step-daughter of the late Colonel Harry McCalmont. Though only nineteen at the time of her wedding, she had often helped her mother to entertain members of the great world, both in town and in country, and she was intimate with her *fiancé's* pretty sisters, who are the Queen's twin maids of honour. Few youthful peeresses have a more splendid collection of jewels, but she prefers to dress in a simple and picturesque style, and most of the beautiful gems of which she is the owner remain in her jewel casket and seldom see the light. Lord and Lady Vivian will probably be much in London during the coming season, though their own place is in far away Cornwall, near Bodmin.

Sir Henry Stanley

Everyone heard with profound sorrow of the death of Sir Henry Stanley, the great African explorer, whose life was one of the strangest romances of our time. Brought up in a poor-house, where he was known as John Rowlands, his first lift on the road to fame and fortune was when he found work in a shop at New Orleans, and his employer, with a discrimination which did him credit, not only adopted the lad but gave him the name which he afterwards made so famous. Sir Henry's was a curious and interesting personality; though easily discouraged, he had an infinite capacity for rebound, and well deserved his expressive nickname, the "rock-breaker," for nothing was ever an impossibility to him. With a temperament as his was, he must often have suffered acutely in the savage loneliness of the wilderness and the impressive silence of vast trackless

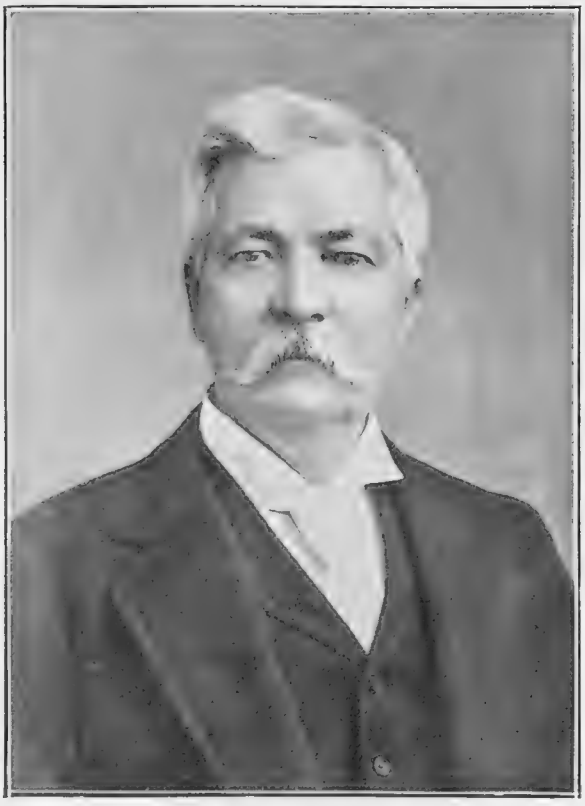


Photo by *Bassano*

The late Sir Henry Morton Stanley

The celebrated African explorer, whose greatest exploit was the finding of Livingstone

Photo by *Russell*

Admiral G. Atkinson Willis

Who commanded the combined British and Italian forces at the capture of Illig

forests, where there is nothing to modify or alleviate depression, but his indomitable will and a certain elasticity always carried him successfully to his goal. Sir Henry Stanley married, in 1890, Miss Dorothy Tennant. Among his friends have been numbered that strange compound, King Leopold of the Belgians, who, unfortunately, has not confined his activity merely to the patronage of heroes.

Photo by *Békei Odön*

The late Maurus Jokai, the Great Hungarian Patriot and Novelist, with his Wife

Maurus Jokai, whose life has been one of splendid activity, was a prolific writer, and translations of many of his novels have found great favour among English readers. He was in his eightieth year. His wife was a great actress when she married him only five years ago

Photo by **Miss Alice Nielsen** *[A. Ellis and Walery*

The young American singer who has made such a successful transition from comic to grand opera

Copyright] **Mme. Kirkby Lunn** *[Biograph Studio*

The famous contralto

Herr Herold as "Lohengrin"

The new Danish singer who has just made his *début* at Covent Garden

M. Dalmorés as "Faust"

M. Dalmorés, who makes his *début* at Covent Garden this season, was leading tenor at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels

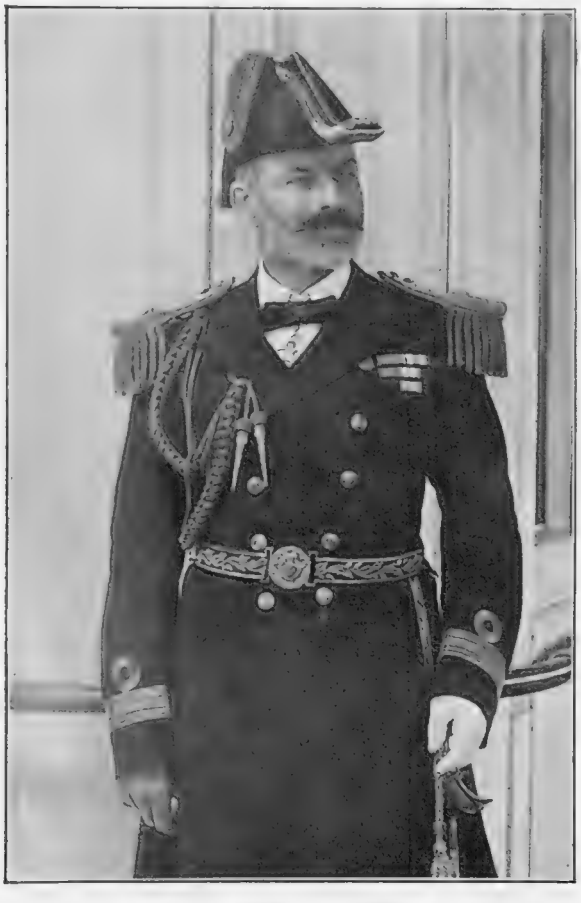
The Boy Violinist

One has been led to expect much of Franz von Vecsey, the eleven-year-old violinist, who made his *début* in this country on May 3, and it was, therefore, strange to realise, as the pessimistic mind would put it, that one had not been disappointed. His success was immediate, and at the second concert there was hardly a seat vacant in the whole of St. James's Hall. He is not an ordinary infant prodigy: his music goes a great deal deeper than mere dexterity of finger; indeed, his most surprising characteristic is the mature feeling which he manifests in compositions differing as widely as Wieniawski's Concerto in D minor, his tutor Hubay's fantasia on Bizet's *Carmen* and Paganini's *Witches' Dance*. Franz von Vecsey is the child of well-to-do parents, and was born in Budapest in March, 1893. He is said to have been only four years old when he first gave indications of inheriting in large measure his parents' musical talent by humming a large portion of Mendelssohn's Concerto, which he had heard his father play. He was some time later brought to the notice of Dr. Joachim, and the veteran has retained a great affection for his *protégé* ever since. Our photograph gives a capital idea of his characteristic expression.

Franz Von Vecsey, the Boy Violinist

Admiral Milne

Commodore Sir A. Berkeley Milne has just been promoted to flag-rank in consequence of the vacancy caused by the death of Rear-Admiral H. J. May. Last year he was appointed to the command of the King's yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, and it is expected that he will retain the command for some time in spite of his step, as did his predecessor, Rear-Admiral the Hon. Hedworth Lambton in similar circumstances. Sir Berkeley Milne has seen some exciting service. He was Lieutenant in the *Active* during the Old Colony and Zulu wars, and was wounded at the battle of Ulundi. He also served as flag-lieutenant to Admiral Hoskins during the Egyptian War. For some time he commanded the Royal Yacht *Osborne*.



Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne
Commander of His Majesty's yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, who has just been promoted to flag rank

Photo by **Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley** *Russell*

"With the Long Bow"

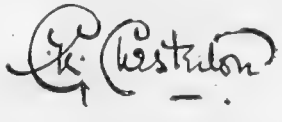
By G. K. CHESTERTON

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SWORD

I suggested that the eccentricity of modern literature is chiefly an attempt to recover real sanity. In other words, the madness of modern literature is a sort of wild protest against the larger madness of modern life. Some people are filled with a mild insanity which expresses itself in villanelles and velvet coats; but that is only because the overwhelming majority of people are filled with a very violent insanity which takes the form of factory chimneys and financial papers. Literature is, I think, generally or at least very frequently in this position. It is not an imitation of life, but rather a correction of it. It is healthy not in so far as it goes along with practical existence; it is healthy in so far as it goes against it. Thus in the days when men wore swords at their sides and fought duels for a chance word, they never dreamed of reading romances about duels and swords. When they had sent the challenge, or thrown down the rapier, they read Mr. Locke on Education or Monsieur Rousseau on the nature of the social contract. Because their daily habits had the romance of barbarism, the romance which they read and enjoyed was the romance of civilisation. They loved all the things which are the peculiar product of the social and organised intellect, politics, gossip, satires, *vers de société*. Because we no longer wear swords, because we no longer fight duels, because in our daily lives there is an appalling amount of education, and a disgusting amount of the social contract, therefore we have Stevensonian romance. Perhaps the only modern books which the intellect of the eighteenth century would have been quite incapable of producing are novels like "Kidnapped" and "Catriona." The gentlemen of that age probably regarded the fact that they still carried swords much in the same light that the gentlemen of this age regard the fact that they still carry walking-sticks. We regard the discarded rapiers as romantic, and for a very good reason that there really is too little of the romance of individual valour in our own existence. We are a little morbid, that is a little mad in this respect; for there is a frenzy of quiescence as well as a frenzy of hostility: Quakers have been mad as well as Crusaders. We are not only mad, we are, to use an excellent and really significant phrase, half-witted. Any man who sees and acts on only one side of life is using only half his wits. We use only half our wits when we make our life civilised and sensible and commodious and scientific and never ask ourselves at all whether we are making it free and self-dependent and beautiful and brave. We put only one half of our wits into school-boards and police regulations. The other half of our wits we have put into Mr. Stanley Weyman's novels.

Personally, I think it a calamity that we have abandoned the habit of wearing the most beautiful weapon. It was a symbol of the right and reasonable minimum of individualism. It may be that it was no more pleasant to be run through the stomach with a symbol than with anything else. But the reckless and profligate use of the sword in innumerable private broils which did to a certain extent deface the eighteenth century (and, much more, I believe, the two centuries preceding it) was only part of a difficulty which exists with regard to all symbols and all objects of enthusiasm. The danger of all symbols is vulgarisation. All sacred objects stand in a continual peril, not of being defaced by their enemies, but of being defaced by their adorers. To call too often on the god, to pester the oracle, to wear out the amulet, to cheapen the pearl of great price, these are phases of an evil that has made many solemn and sacred things detestable and dangerous besides the solemn and sacred sword. But if once a man realised what is meant by its sacredness he would no more think of drawing his sword for a quarrel over cards than he would think of drinking sacramental wine in a pot-house. The sword is the emblem of self defence, of self respect; it is the emblem of something, the true verbal meaning of which is too little noticed, the thing which we significantly call self-possession. That ultimate truth that a man owns himself, that he would retain that superb property if every law were snapped and every policeman hanged to-morrow, this is the meaning of the old walking sword of the gentleman. It means that rules and civilisations are but a shifting landscape that each of us passes through; it means that every man is in the heart of an adventure story, and that every man is altogether alone. Assuredly to very few of us ought the need to come, to most of us it ought never to come to assert this primitive royalty, older than all the codes and scriptures. It might not be a bad solution if the swords we carried were swords that could be used only once, like the sacred swords of the bees.

However this may be, it is at least evident that the outburst of the Dumas romantic spirit in literature has something to do with the disappearance of it from life. For the truth is that Europe to-day is in a fundamentally crooked and wicked attitude towards the question of battle. The evil can be very simply put in two sentences. There never was a period when militarism was more harsh and dehumanising; that is there never was a period when military systems had more of the military faults; and at the same time there never was a period when ordinary people had less of the military virtues.



PARISIANA:

"I was in winter quarters in my dear Lutetia; thus do they call in Gaul the little capital of the Parisians.—*Julian.*

WHAT PARISIANS THINK OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN

By JOHN F. MACDONALD

(Our Special Correspondent)

Dreadful to be a Cabinet Minister in France: for, watching us, awaiting the moment of our installation in the Ministry, is the amazing Editor of the *Intransigeant*, Henri Rochefort.

"A bandit, a brigand, a villain of the most infamous description," is the welcome he gives us next morning. And we, over our coffee, flush with indignation; and tears of anger rush into our eyes, and our hearts jump more and more, when, further down the column, we are called the "odious ——" and also the "hideous——," and again the "vile associate of traitors, perjurers, and thieves." Our coming into power is yet another proof of the "deplorable decadence of France." We have accepted bribes in every "Affair," and our dearest dream is to behold France being burnt and plundered by the enemy. Indeed, were France to pass into the brutal possession of Germany, we, wild with glee, would be seen drinking champagne in the Ministry, executing mad, frenzied dances, and otherwise indulging in indecent revelry. "The abominable, ignominious scoundrel!" concludes Henri Rochefort. "Yet another shame, yet another disgrace for our poor France!"

All a-tremble are we, and all desire to seize and shake and hurl the Editor of the *Intransigeant* to the ground. Our fair name, so prized by us, has been odiously insulted. But—after a while—we get accustomed to the abuse, get even to smile and laugh at it. More and more terrible becomes Henri Rochefort, until one fine morning he quite surpasses himself. And thus, only the other day, after calling M. Pelletan the "Alcoholic of the Ministry of the Marine," he described the Minister of War as a "sinister scorpion," and concluded—pardon the impoliteness—by dismissing M. Delcassé most horribly as a "bug."

Photo by *Mills*

A Fair Chorister at the City Temple

The action of the Rev. R. J. Campbell in instituting a robed choir of ladies has stirred up no little controversy

Thus, the "freedom of the Press," as understood by M. Henri Rochefort. No peace for M. Pelletan, M. Delcassé, and General André; and if, by chance, those three Ministers fail to interest M. Rochefort for the moment, he concentrates all his attention upon Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

"This loathsome assassin," writes M. Henri Rochefort, "is even more repulsive than our own shameful Ministers." I can fancy Rochefort's green eyes glittering and the silver tuft rising higher and higher on his snow-white head, when he writes of Mr. Chamberlain. Is it the Leicester speech that rankles? Is it the war? Is it the Fiscal policy? One thing is certain: in the *Intransigeant*, Mr. Chamberlain is the most appalling monster that ever lived. We may read of his "impudent eyeglass," and his "sinister orchid." Compared with Chamberlain, the Sultan is the mildest of assassins. The "sieur Chamberlain" revels in gore, the "nommé Chamberlain" particularly rejoices in the murdering of women and children. And he boasts of it. And he takes pride in his infamy. And England applauds wildly at his atrocious deeds. So terrible is the picture drawn by M. Rochefort of Mr. Chamberlain that good naïve people cannot help but be impressed. Who but a villain would gloat over the heartrending scene of thousands of Boers lying dead on the veldt, and thousands of Boer farms blazing, and thousands of Boer women and children wandering homeless about their ruined country? "He gloats and gloats," affirms Rochefort. "The cynical assassin rejoices at the spectacle, and——"

Enough! An entire number of THE BYSTANDER could not quote all M. Rochefort's denunciations of Mr. Chamberlain, and THE BYSTANDER for a whole year could not contain all that has been written in

Paris against Mr. Chamberlain. A fiend, a veritable fiend!

"In fine, another Chamberlain," writes a reporter in summing up the author of a particularly atrocious murder.

"Shamperrlain, Shamperrlain," is the deadliest insult a street boy can think of paying a foreigner.

"And are you rid yet of your Chamberlain?" asks the bourgeois, with the earnestness and anxiety of one who is inquiring whether you are "rid yet" of the plague.

Yes: here, there, and everywhere in Paris, Mr. Chamberlain is regarded as a monster. No use affirming that he is not quite so black as he is painted, and no use observing that, like all statesmen, he has his enemies. It is plain, it is positive that, in Mr. Chamberlain, there is every vice, every villainy. Even in the eyeglass, the orchid, there lies something nasty, something creepy. "I don't know, I can't explain myself," says a good bourgeois, "but there is a *je ne sais quoi* about that orchid. . . ." "An official at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs," narrates another bourgeois, "once told me that when he saw Chamberlain he was immediately reminded of a serpent. . . ." "No one can deny," protests a third bourgeois, "that Chamberlain made the Boer war in order to sell the cartridges and rifles, of which he and his family are great manufacturers. Trade was bad. Said Chamberlain, 'We will declare war against the Boers, and then the Government will need our rifles and our cartridges.' There, in a nutshell, is the Boer War." . . . . "Delcassé, Delcassé!" exclaims a politician, thumping his fist on a *café* table, "Why, Delcassé is no more than the valet of the execrable Chamberlain!"

Even into the humbler classes there has crept a hatred for poor Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Says the stout landlady of a small cosmopolitan pension, "One does nothing: affairs are terrible. Only three English visitors in two months. Ah, monsieur, it is all the fault of your Chamberlain." And then—has not someone gone to the expense of printing little labels which, posted here, there, and everywhere, merely express the opinion, "*A bas* Chamberlain?" And again—have I not heard a tipsy, patriotic cabman declare, "I am not a rich man. I have a wife and three children. But there are two men whom the *cocher* Bertrand would indignantly refuse to drive: the Emperor William and the miloid Chamberlain!"

Anything else?

"Monsieur," says a pleasant, chatty little Parisian "I have often declared that it was unjust to hate the English. You are not all Chamberlains."

And again, again an article in the *Intransigeant*, whose first words are:

"The hideous Chamberlain . . . . !"

Photo by *Campbell Gray*

Mdlle. Nydia Playing the Piano while Hypnotised

This remarkable performance forms one of the most striking turns at the Hippodrome. The pianist actually succeeds in playing a piece of music the name of which has been placed in a sealed envelope

FROM ABROAD

Ex-President Kruger

From a photograph taken at the International Boer Exhibition, Scheveningen

Vintage Time in Naples

A somewhat primitive method of pressing the grape, by means of the feet, which is common in Italy

Mr. Kruger's Villa at Mentone

Newspaper reports about Mr. Kruger's health are very veiled, but the fact that a medical consultation was recently held on the aged ex-President leaves no doubt that he is seriously ill

"The Home of the Narcissus"

This Glorious Flower Literally Carpets the Road from Montreux to Les Avants

Japanese Emigrants

Already the war is beginning to have its effect upon the mercantile classes of Japan. Without awaiting the final verdict of the great struggle, and oblivious, apparently, of the unsettled state in which the theatre of war is necessarily plunged, hundreds of Japanese families are preparing to pour into Korea with a sublime trust in finding there a market for their restless activity. We have been successful in obtaining from one of our correspondents a photograph showing emigrants—who have discarded native dress—about to embark for the Hermit Kingdom.

Photo by *Topical Press Agency*

A Consequence of the War: Japanese Emigrants to Korea

The Home of the Narcissus

One has heard of the Pays des Narcisses and the wonderful wealth of flowers to be found there in the month of May. But it was not until climbing the steep road leading from Montreux to the sheltered valley of Les Avants that one realised what this reputation really meant. One comes upon the flowers

The European Portion of Chifu

Before the war, Chifu was a summer resort largely patronised by European residents in Southern China

suddenly, on rounding a curve of the sunny hillside—not just a few tufts here and there, but whole fields of lovely pheasant-eye narcissi opening their silver petals to the sunshine.

A light breeze passes down the hillside, swaying the tall heads of the flowers, and filling the air with the breath of spring.

One hears a shrill peal of laughter from a group of children busy gathering great bunches of the flowers, their heads barely visible above the nodding blossoms. Young and old, gentle and simple, everyone one meets carries a posy of narcissus, and still the waving fields of perfumed snow seem as though they remained untouched. When the garden is a whole hillside, a few hundred bouquets make so little difference!

Wheelbarrows in Shanghai

These curious conveyances take the place of rickshaws among the poorer classes

A Public Wheelbarrow

It is not uncommon in Shangai to see one man wheeling as many as eight women at a time

weight of a curious kind of clumsy wheelbarrow, with one large wheel in the centre. There is a superstition amongst the people that these wheelbarrows must never be oiled, as the terrible squeaking noise which naturally ensues is said to scare away evil spirits. In Shanghai the wheelbarrows are largely used as a means of locomotion for the poorer classes of Chinese women who cannot afford the prices of sedan chairs or rickshaws. It is quite impossible for them to walk more than a very short distance, owing to their tiny, deformed feet, the result of the cruel and injurious fashion of foot-binding prevalent in China. A man will occasionally wheel as many as eight women at a time!

Chifu

Chifu, before the commencement of hostilities, was considered more or less a summer resort for the wives and families of Europeans from the southern and less healthy parts of China. It possesses more than one comfortable hotel and a nice open beach. There is a typical Chinese town some little distance from the European part. This presents an appearance of misery, dirt, and squalor not to be described. Its narrow street swarms with the lowest and most debased types of humanity, men here, as elsewhere in China, doing the work of beasts, and straining under the

The Chinese Quarter, Chifu

THE ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION BY NIGHT

The Palace of Electricity and Bridge by Night

Wonderful effects are obtained at night when all the lamps are full on, as seen in our illustration. The various Exhibition buildings are illuminated by a total of no less than 210,000 electric lights

A Portion of the Palace of Education, and Ornamental Bridge as they Appear when Lit Up

A special electric plant, capable of developing 38,000 horse-power, has been laid down to supply the necessary power for lighting purposes and driving the machinery, etc.

"At the Sign of the Times"

SOME CURRENT TOPICS—AND THE DAILY PAPERS

Cannibalism at Oxford

Everyone will be pleased to learn that the young brother of a well-known peer, who, according to the *Daily Mail*, was held down during the recent raggings at Oxford and severely bitten on the ribs, is now convalescent. We understand that, in recognition of the heroic manner in which he bore his afflictions, the young nobleman has been offered the coveted post of "stroke" in the 'Varsity Eight during the ensuing Torpid races. Cannibalism is now discouraged by all the smartest undergraduates.

"What's in a Name?" (Shakespeare)

So many correspondents have gone out to the Russo-Japanese War with so many varying notions as to how Far Eastern names should be spelt, that editors are compelled to make use of the explanatory bracket much more frequently than was once the case. As a result, we are always coming face to face with some such dilemma as this:

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.—SEOUL.

"The Japanese outposts advanced yesterday under cover of darkness and seized the village of Li-Ping."

[Our Special Correspondent at Tokyo gives the name of this village as Ping-Tung. Neither Ping-Tung nor Li-Ping is marked upon the map. Can it be that the Japanese have Chang-Li, which was lately abandoned by the Russians?—ED.]

Readers must in the end, of course, decide for themselves whether the captured village is Li-something or a something-Li.

A Rumour Contradicted

The rumour that, during the late audience at Rome, the Pope kissed the toe of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, is incorrect. The present incumbent of the City Tabernacle has never insisted upon the observance of this ancient prerogative.

On Country Notes

Country Notes are one of the pleasantest features of the modern Press. The most jaded Londoner cannot help feeling refreshed when, as he travels to his office, on the sulphuric Metropolitan, his eye lights upon words like these: "Oaks burgeoning. Lilac in bloom. Sow carrots."

The Nightingale

Through lack of space, unfortunately, we ourselves cannot undertake to vie with the daily papers in this respect. When, however, an information of an unusually interesting character is transmitted to us, we hope to be able to pass it on to our readers. By way of an instalment, we submit the following:

"Water scarce. Gnats numerous."—*Your Correspondent in Essex.*

"Heard nightingale last night in woods near Dipley."—*Your Correspondent in Herefordshire.*

"Hearkened to Philomela pouring forth her plaintive and historic melody among the boskage that glooms the stately mansion of Lord X——"—*Your Special Representative in Northumberland.*

A Confession

Our Special Representative in Northumberland is a faithful reader of the *Daily Telegraph.*

Lives of Great Men—All Remind Us

Here is a little flower of prose culled—from the review in *T. P.'s Weekly*—of a work called "Theodore Roosevelt"—subheaded, presumably by T. P., "The Man and the Citizen":

"One day the President and his biographer travelled in a crowded, elevated street car. A factory girl got into the car, and *Roosevelt the Man* rose and gave her his seat." Puzzle. What did Roosevelt the President do? And is it suggested that American Presidents are not given to being ordinarily polite?

The Yellow Peril

It is reported that the Tibetans, made jealous by Japanese successes, are thinking of adopting Western civilisation. Army Reformers at Lhassa are urgently pressing upon the War Office a new pattern of leather cannon. Bragging in the Army is to be put down with a strong hand, and regimental drags are as far as possible to be discountenanced. General Tum has forbidden officers on campaign to carry with them grand pianos. (*Copyright.*)

English Literature in Japan

The spread of English literature in Japan is well-nigh incredible. Every week now some journal compiles a fresh list of the hundred most popular authors, and these are never the same. First it is Rossetti that the Tokyo undergraduates go about quoting, with their hands on their hearts; then it is perhaps Mr. G. R. Sims. Emerson and Mr. Hall Caine would appear to be equally popular; and the theory that Bacon wrote "The Christian" is gaining ground among all the thinking Japanese. The Browning Society at Yokohama has volunteered for the war *en masse.* Its members intend to finish reading "Sordello," if they survive. But they would rather, of course, die for their country.

Motto for the Tariff Commission

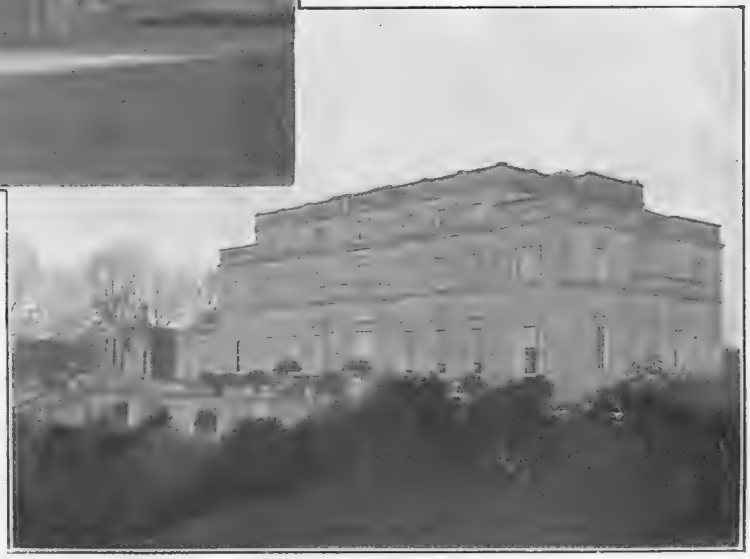
"England expects that every man will some day pay his duty."

MINIMUS.

Whittingehame The Premier's Scottish Seat

Whittingehame: East Front

Often must Mr. Balfour, during the stress of his Parliamentary duties at Downing Street, wish himself back again in the studious quietude of his Scottish home at Whittingehame. And it is his home in the truest sense of the word, for it was here that he was born on July 25, 1848. In 1856, at the age of eight, his father, James Maitland Balfour, died, and he succeeded him as the third Balfour of Whittingehame. The house, which



Whittingehame: The West Front
Showing the terrace added by Mr. Balfour in 1871

The Dining Room
Whittingehame House was erected in 1818 by Mr. Balfour's grandfather. Sir Robert Smirke, the architect of the British Museum, Covent Garden Theatre, and many other public buildings in London, was the designer

Mr. Balfour's Private Study at Whittingehame

A glance at our illustration will show that Mr. Balfour's study gives a good idea of his tastes. The books, the easy chair, the grand piano, the well-executed copy of Raphael's Madonna over the mantelpiece, and last, but not least, the golf clubs, give a clue to the pursuits in which the Prime Minister seeks recreation from his Parliamentary duties

The Library

This room is the largest in the house, and, as will be seen, the walls are lined with books. It is well known that the Prime Minister is deeply read in science and philosophy, and his library is largely composed of books on these and other serious subjects

A Glimpse of Miss Balfour's Boudoir at Whittingehame

is situated amid magnificent scenery at the foot of the Lammermuir Hills, was built in 1818 by Mr. Balfour's grandfather, James Balfour, who was M.P. for Haddington. Smirke, who designed many of our prominent London buildings, was the architect, and although Whittingehame cannot boast of much architectural beauty, it is a pleasing, home-like mansion, possessing an air of solidity and comfort. From Whittingehame Tower (a relic of an old fortress formerly belonging to the Douglas family) which stands on the estate near the house, fine views of the surrounding country can be obtained—of the Lammermuirs and of the Firth of Forth, whilst seaward the famous Bass Rock can easily be discerned. The old castle fortress on the site of which modern Whittingehame House stands, passed into the hands of the Douglas family in 1372, and their crest is still to be seen on Whittingehame Tower, the sole remaining relic of their former stronghold. In 1564 the Earl of Morton gained possession of Whittingehame, but James I. of England restored it to the Douglases, who held it till it passed to Hays of Drummelzier, from whom it was bought by the Balfour family. It is said that the murder of Lord Darnley, the ill-fated husband of Scotland's romantic queen, was plotted at Whittingehame in 1567, and a hollow yew-tree, a huge specimen of its kind, which must be many hundreds of years old, is still pointed out as the meeting-place of the conspirators, among whom were the Earl of Bothwell and Maitland of Lethington (a remote ancestor of the present owner of Whittingehame). Of the interior of Mr. Balfour's home, our photographs must speak for themselves. Everything that culture and refinement needs, is to be found there, and all that its owner lacks, is time to enjoy—for it is a well-known fact that most of Mr. Balfour's time is spent in London, Whittingehame only claiming him for a few weeks each year.

The Drawing-room

CONCERNING MR. W. S. GILBERT

The new generation which is knocking at the door probably does not realise, unless it has been looking through the keyhole at the same time, that Mr. W. S. Gilbert, whose name it knows and reveres, was a notable writer for the stage long before his name became coupled, for all time, with that of the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. His highly successful resurrection, now going forward at the Garrick Theatre, has therefore a secondary interest; *The Fairy's Dilemma* is not only the breaking of a long silence, but a return to the all but prehistoric days when Mr. Gilbert was a playwright pure and simple.

After his first real success in the sixties, with a burlesque of that departed favourite *The Daughter of the Regiment*, Mr. Gilbert tore himself finally away from the embraces of the Law, to which he had been more or less devoted; and for a quarter of a century after that production at the Queen's Theatre, in which Mr. Toole and Mr. Lionel Brough took part, the author's name was scarcely ever out of the play-bills.

He was the writer of many of the German Reeds' "sketches," and it was in connection with some of these that the public first came to appreciate the late Corney Grain. In 1870 he wrote *The Palace of Truth* for Mr. Buckstone, and in the following year Mrs. Kendal's performance helped to make *Pygmalion and Galatea* a triumph at the Haymarket.

A burlesque of his own play, *The Wicked World*, written under a pseudonym, was a success, but nobody has followed the example set. If any other living playwrights are conscious of the absurdity of their own productions, they keep their knowledge to themselves; for such is man.

The year 1875 was one of grave significance to the English-speaking races. In that year Mr. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan first collaborated. *Thespis* was the result, and it had a good run at the Gaiety Theatre. Soon the Royalty produced with great success that precious jewel of absurdity, *Trial by Jury*, and then came the full opening of the Gilbert-and-Sullivan era, with the six months' run of *The Sorcerer* at the Opéra Comique in 1877. A temple was built in the Savoy especially for the cult of Gilbert-and-Sullivan, and in the course of the next eighteen years or so the complete body of the Gilbert-and-Sullivan message to a melancholy world was produced, and produced amid recurrent tempests of enthusiasm.

The popularity of these works of comic opera at the time of their production cannot be over-stated.

> Excursion trains from distant shires
> Brought myriads to see.

—as Mr. Gilbert has it in the "Bab Ballads," and the British Empire and the United States went about their affairs humming *Pinafore*, *Patience*, and *The Pirates of Penzance*, until the other nations voted them an international nuisance. Grave and benevolent old men quarrelled bitterly over the question as to which of the Gilbert-and-Sullivan productions was the best. Little boys were dressed in imitation of the *Patience* poets, and the British public heard for the first time of the existence of the Emperor of Japan. The adjective "Gilbertian" was framed and added to our language. Several large fortunes and a number of reputations were made.

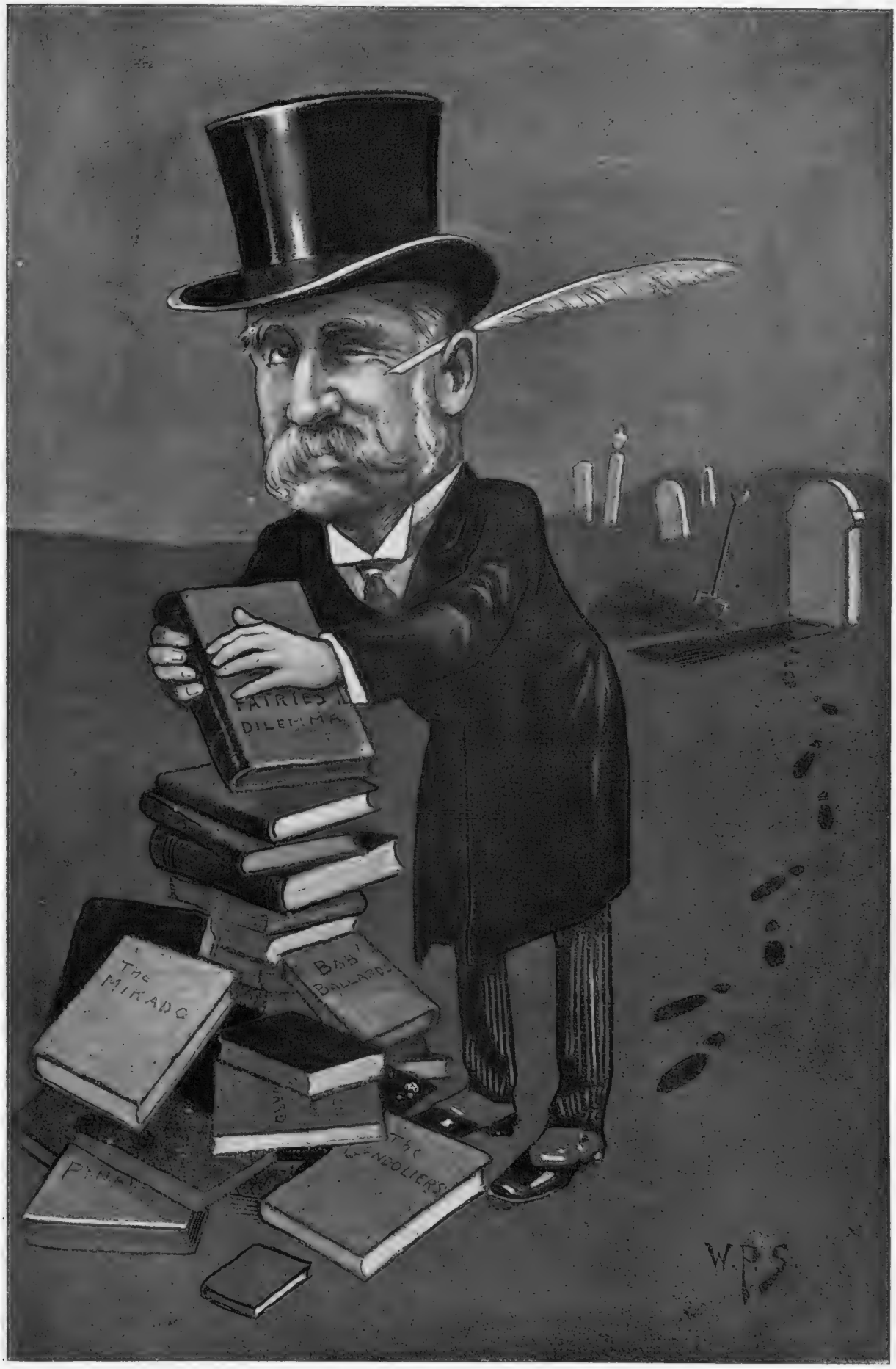
Why did people go mad over Gilbert and Sullivan? We are supposed not to possess, as a race, a very subtle sense of humour. It is certainly true that many of the performers who had to sing Mr. Gilbert's songs and utter his words accepted the idea that they were funny purely as a matter of faith; and we may assume that a large proportion of every audience that ever listened to them was in a similar, or even a darker condition of superstitious awe as to Mr. Gilbert's humour. This, of course, was where Sir Arthur Sullivan came in, with his delightful and irresistible light music. Many music-lovers are not humorists, and some humorists do not understand music; but each took a pure and poignant delight in the Savoy opera.

Other reasons there were, no doubt, for this success. Mr. Gilbert's consummate stage-craft, for instance, which made the work hang together so well. Then there was the conviction, which gradually gained ground among serious families, that there was "no vulgarity" about the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and that wives and children might be sent to it without danger of an outbreak of moral epilepsy in the home.

Anyone meeting Mr. Gilbert in the Harrow Weald, where he lives and is a Justice of the Peace, might take him for a retired military officer of about sixty-seven years of age. The last part of this guess would be singularly accurate. As for his martial appearance, it may, or may not, date from the time when, during the Crimean War, he intended to go into the Artillery; or from his captaincy in the Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders (Militia).

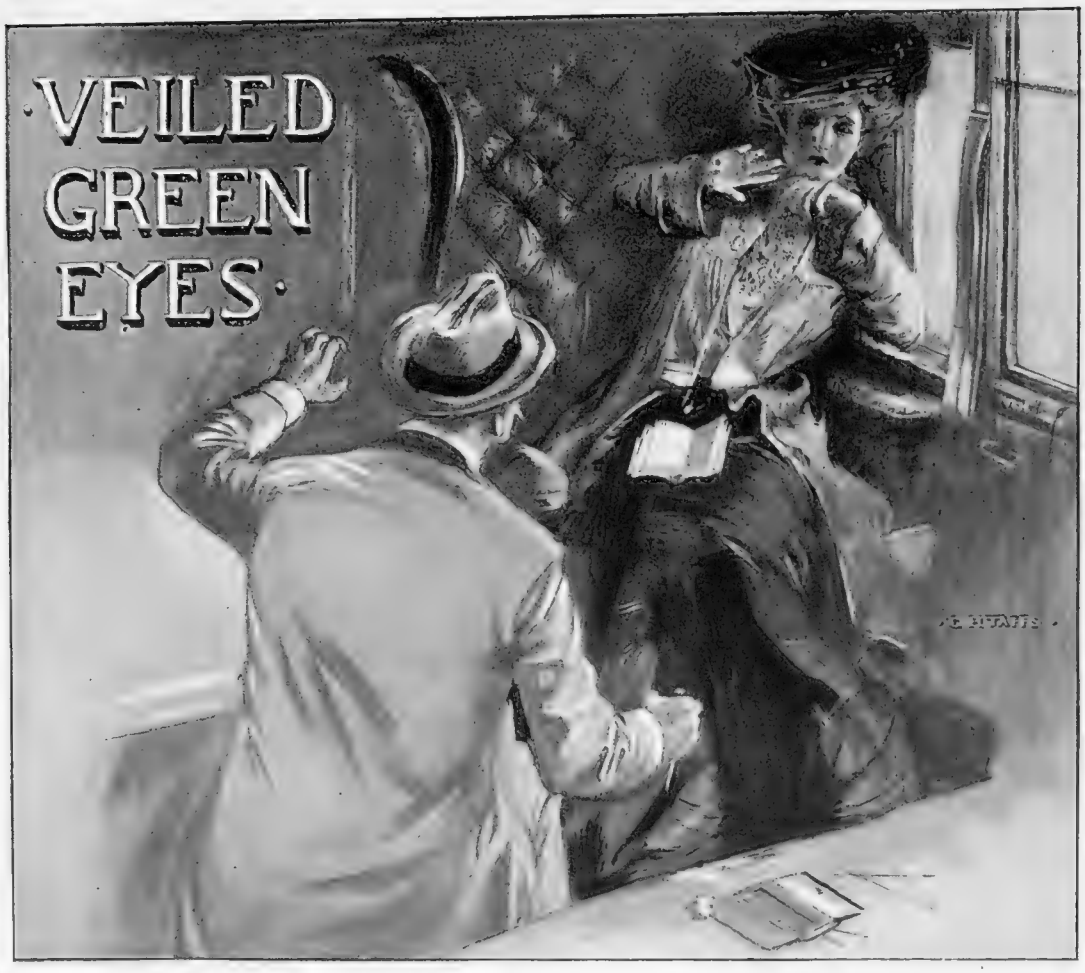
For all his immense success, people have never been in the habit of making a god of Mr. Gilbert, as they have done in the case of Mr. Kipling, who was driven from Rottingdean because the intelligent public used to camp on the green in front of his house in the hope of seeing him, and admiring young women on bicycles would endeavour to be run down by his motor-car; or in the case of Mr. Barrie, whose obscure birthplace of Kirriemuir, N.B., is now thriving on thousands of tourists, and will probably have electric trams before very long. Mr. Gilbert was not idolised in the theatrical profession, with which he had as little to do as was compatible with his being a successful playwright, which, too, he hurt in its tenderest feelings by insisting on having his work acted according to his own ideas.

As good a way as any of coming into contact with him is to drive a motor-car furiously within the area of his jurisdiction, and get caught. It is not his most sympathetic side that is put forward on such occasions; but it is a characteristic one.



A Captain in the Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders (Militia)

VEILED GREEN EYES



By ELLA MACLACHLAN

SHOULD any of my readers, who have heard me relate the following experience, read and recognise my story, I hope they won't give me away. My husband is strongly of the opinion that one can't be too reticent regarding one's own affairs. As we are going abroad, he is not likely to see this. He might, however, hear of it!

* * * *

There is more in a veil than a man thinks. To begin with, if you happen to possess a fair skin, the fairness is enhanced by the blackness of the veil, and it gives an elusive air to a pretty face—barricades it, so to speak, but with a barrier that can be easily demolished. Wherein lies a great charm.

I was not married when I went to Merston, and I put on my veil with particular care. It was a most becoming one, with black velvet spots. The spots were far apart, and I managed to arrange it so that they came in "piquant" places, one near the corner of my mouth, another close to the eye, and one in the middle of each damask cheek. So many romances have had their beginning in a railway train!

From an artistic point of view, I admire myself enormously, but I can look quite plain, and being aware of this, I take especial care to avoid doing so. I am not conceited, because I know looks are not everything. But they go a long way, especially with Porters.

On this occasion a treasure in the Porter line put my dressing-bag in a first-class compartment, of which the only other occupants were two men. For this I blessed him. It is very dull to go on a long journey, boxed up with women, who pick holes in you—in your veil if they could—whereas men look at you kindly, lend you their papers, and are polite about draughts.

My two companions faced me, each in a corner. The one in the far corner attracted me at once. He was of the intellectual, dreamy type, and his brow was heavily lined. I could not do more than glance at him, as he turned and looked at me. The man nearest me was quite different. He also had an interesting face and was almost handsome, but his mouth was bad-tempered. When the train started, I was perfectly conscious, with my most unconscious air, that both men were staring at me. I didn't mind at first. I am accustomed to attracting

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attention, and men don't look at you if they don't admire you; but after a time the persistent gaze of these two men became embarrassing. I am very careful not to meet a strange man's eye. It might encourage him. But I felt I must look at these men, to see if they really were staring at me. I quite casually turned my head, as if interested in the view from the far window, and my eyes took in the man near that window on the way. Yes; he was gazing at me intently! A funny little feeling went through me, and I nervously pulled at my veil. His brilliant and rather deep-set eyes bespoke soul. I believe I possess soul, whatever that element may be, and I recognised it in him. I knew that man could "understand" me, and oh, how women love to be understood! I wished he were not wearing a silk hat. It was so unsuitable for travelling, and he must be going some distance, as he had a pile of magazines by his side. His tie, too, was erratic, and abominably tied. Was he a commercial traveller, I wondered? No, he couldn't be that; he was not smart enough. I decided he must be a doctor—a consulting physician: as, of course, they all wear tall hats and bad boots. By bad, I don't mean shabby, but most doctors appear to have an exaggerated desire for breadth about the toes in their boots. It does not tend to elegance, but it is hygienic; and what is the good of being a doctor if you don't let hygiene, like charity, begin at home?

Despite the defects in this man's attire, he looked a gentleman.

Soon I observed that my nearest neighbour had taken his eyes from my face, and had fixed them on the "doctor." There was indignation in his glance, and I knew he resented the scrutiny I was undergoing, which was funny. I suppose, as I sat exactly opposite to him, he considered he had the exclusive right of staring at me. The object of his fellow-passenger's angry looks was now absorbed in the evening paper, and appeared quite to have forgotten my existence. This apparent oblivion continued for some time, then it seemed suddenly to occur to him that I was there, and perhaps in need of mental occupation, and he leant forward, holding a magazine towards me. "Do you care to see this?" he asked with a smile, and his voice was perfect.

"Thanks," I replied cordially, and he just touched his hat, sank back on his seat, and retired behind his paper.

I expect I was looking very pretty that day, for the other man positively scowled—jealous, I concluded, and was rather pleased. He took a small diary from his pocket, and began to write rapidly, trying to conceal what he was doing by turning sideways. I was in the middle of an article on the preservation of the complexion when a folded-up paper alighted in my lap. I was very annoyed, and ignored it. Surely I did not look the sort of girl who is ready to dispense with introductions! Very soon another paper pellet came. This time I raised my eyes, really angry, but I was met with such an earnest, troubled look from the man opposite me that my anger vanished. His eyes seemed to implore me to read the paper.

I unfolded it, and a horrid feeling crept over me as I read: "Pardon me, but you are doubtless not aware that the man in the carriage with us is mad. He has a loaded revolver in his pocket, which he may use at any moment. You had better change carriages at the next station we stop at."

I bowed my head in silent gratitude to the writer, and I suppose I am a coward, for my heart palpitated with nervousness. No wonder he travelled in a top hat! Lunatics are always peculiar in their dress, and the luminous eye, which I thought portended intellect, was the wild eye of insanity! I looked at my watch. In ten minutes' time we were due at Frimley Junction. That ten minutes was a time of horror. Any moment might be my last. I looked at the madman once only, and I believe if I had caught his eye, I should have shrieked.

I distinctly saw the outline of a revolver in his coat pocket. What I dreaded was getting up and passing him. Unfortunately, the platform would be his side of the train. When it stopped, I instantly, and like a lunatic myself, made a dash for the door. My one idea was to escape, and not give him time to take his revolver from his pocket. I tumbled over his feet, and the contact gave me an electric shock of terror; but I got out somehow, and my face was as white as a sheet, I know. I had thrown down the magazine and left my dressing-bag. But nothing mattered, I was safe! And then I saw the dear man who had warned me of my danger, getting out with my bag in his hand.

"It is all right," he said kindly. "You are quite safe now; I thought it best to tell you about that man. He has only recently come out of an asylum. Let us get in here." And with a feeling of intense relief, we got in next door. It was rather near, I thought, but our fellow-traveller had not taken the slightest notice of our hasty exit. He did not even apologise when I fell over his feet. I really believe he was unconscious of it—a sure sign of insanity!

I felt that my deliverer and I were tried friends as I offered him my hand, and in a trembling voice thanked him from my heart for what he had done. He laughed it off and said he was only too pleased to have been of any service to me. He inquired whither I was bound, and, oddly enough, he was going to Merston too. He expressed himself as delighted that he would be able to take care of me for the rest of my journey. The bad-tempered look about his mouth had entirely gone and he was certainly very good-looking. But, notwithstanding my companion's good looks, the madman had really attracted me more, though I determined to profit from experience and never again look for "soul" in a man!

We talked on all sorts of subjects. He was very entertaining and in a vague way I felt he admired me. I was very glad, despite the unpleasantness of the first part of the journey, that I was not travelling in a "Ladies Only" compartment. We discussed golf and bridge and the latest plays, and I was struck with his fund of information about everything. I happened to mention the name of a well-known artist of my acquaintance, and it transpired that he knew him too. "He is an extremely talented man," he remarked, "but decidedly eccentric—by the way, I am an artist myself."

"Are you?" I said, very interested; I was quite sure he would presently ask if he might paint me.

Several artists had implored me to sit to them, but I felt I would prefer this man to paint me to any of them; I don't know why.

"I do figures," he continued, with kindling enthusiasm; "women's faces, for choice. I wonder if you thought I stared at you rather rudely when you got into the train?" he asked, leaning forward and looking into my eyes. I was slightly embarrassed by his somewhat ardent gaze, and I hoped he was not going to make love to me. I had had enough adventures for one day.

"Oh, no," I replied as easily as I could.

"As a matter of fact I did stare at you very pointedly; but do you know that I have searched England for a pair of really green eyes, and at last I have found them—in your face!" He spoke so earnestly that I could not take offence.

"At first I was puzzled as to whether it could be any kind of reflection which gave that almost vivid green hue to your eyes—a veil throws all sorts of shadows; but I see now that the colour is in no way affected by any outer influence. It is perfectly natural, and the very shade I have so long hoped to find. Will you lift your veil for a minute?"

"I am afraid I can't," I replied a little coldly. This man might have saved my life, but I really couldn't allow him to be too familiar.

He did not appear to be at all offended and went on discussing the peculiar charm green eyes had for him. "And to think that after all these years," he continued enthusiastically, "I should quite by accident run across what I have been at such pains to find amongst professional models and all the women of my acquaintance!"

This was decidedly flattering. I began thoroughly to enjoy having my good points discussed. In the same way that you can allow a dentist to compliment you on your teeth, you can surely allow an artist to admire your colouring. It is entirely professional.

An hour had passed most pleasantly. My vanity was stimulated to such a degree that I felt I could lure any man to destruction by the green fire in my wonderful eyes!

"Is it too much to ask, if I may make a small sketch of you?" my new friend inquired very humbly. "I shall never see eyes like yours again; if I lose this opportunity of immortalising them I may not get another chance."

I was quite prepared for the request. It seemed a fitting favour for me to bestow on my rescuer, and I answered cordially, "I shall be very pleased for you to do so."

He took from his pocket a small paint-box and opened a sketch-book, which seemed full of fantastic faces, though I only saw the contents upside down.

"Now raise that becoming veil of yours," he said almost peremptorily.

I did this without demur, which was inconsistent with my previous refusal.

I turned to the light, and, putting on a Madonna expression, looked heavenwards.

His eyes gleamed with excitement. "At last! At last!" he murmured, and began to mix blue and yellow paint with water which he had in a small bottle.

"No, that's not the green, and we haven't much time! You will have to give me the green yourself," he said in a business-like tone.

"Oh, I can't paint," I answered laughingly.

"I don't want you to," he replied as he feverishly opened a small knife, "but I shall have to take some of the green from your eyes to make the colour."

I was amused, but I thought it rather bad form of him to chaff me on so short an acquaintance.

I endeavoured to compose my face and resume my Madonna expression.

"It is no laughing matter," he said angrily, as he stood up in front of me, having put down his paint-box. "Kindly look at me while I cut out your right eye."

I did look, and my blood ran cold. I could see he was insane.

To describe my feelings is quite impossible, but the instinct of self-preservation was so strong that it quickened my brain. To show fear would be fatal. By an effort, which I did not know I was capable of, I kept calm. "Certainly," I said, "but I have excellent eyesight, and I see that your knife is not very clean. I know you won't mind if I ask you just to wipe the blade. I believe, for all this kind of operation, the instruments must be scrupulously clean to avoid complications after."

"Oh, I am sorry," he said, and he looked less angry as he put the knife on the seat and began to feel in his pockets for his handkerchief. I seized the opportunity—and the emergency cord!—but he perceived my action, and sprang at me with his hands at my throat.

"You fool! What have you done that for?"

I could just speak. "The man in the next carriage is going to shoot us," I shrieked. "Mind! Take care! I can see him. Come over to this end."

He relaxed his hold on me, and, with wild eyes fixed on the blank wall of the compartment, the artist stood quivering with excitement.

"Shoot!" he yelled, "Shoot! You addled-brained son of a sea-cook. If this green-eyed witch has got between you and your wits, there'll be plenty of room for her to walk about, and you'll miss her! Shoot! man, shoot!—and I'll kill you for it!"

The train came to a stand-still, and the guard, with a scared face, appeared at our window.

"Here! Here!" shouted the painter. "The man in the next carriage is mad—raving mad. He has a loaded revolver, and has already fired one shot at us. Let me get at him!" and he jumped on the seat and flung the weight of his body against the partition. Then I was really a heroine, for I fainted.

The man with the broad-toed boots told me after that they had the greatest difficulty in securing the artist—that his fury was demoniacal because he had not got a sketch of me. Oddly enough, both men had been attracted by my green eyes.

. . . . . .

My husband is a physician, but his boots no longer betray his profession, and his ties are an artistic triumph. I am not allowed to travel alone, simply because I can't go about with my eyes shut!

Photo by *Thomas*

Miss Lilian Braithwaite

Who plays the Perplexed Hostess, Mrs. Wendover, in "Saturday to Monday" in True Comedy Spirit at the St. James's Theatre

"SATURDAY TO MONDAY" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

AN "IRRESPONSIBLE COMEDY" BY FREDERICK FENN AND RICHARD PRYCE

Mrs. Wendover: "O, I've asked lots of people ' Oliver: "Not to-day?" Mrs. Wendover: "I didn't ask you to-day." Oliver: "Saturday to Monday?" Mrs. Wendover: "Any Saturday to any Monday. It was nice of you, though, to come at once."

Oliver, Lord Culvert (Mr. George Alexander) has been invited to Thames Filton from Saturday to Monday by Mrs. Wendover (Miss Lilian Braithwaite). Oliver is in love with Mrs. Wendover, but she insists on his keeping faith with Angela Porchester, to whom he has long been engaged

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Angela *Mrs. Wendover* *Lady Diana*

Mrs. Wendover endeavours to be cordial

The *tête-à-tête* is interrupted by the arrival of Lady Diana Porchester (Miss Aickin) and Angela, her daughter (Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson)

Angela *Lady Diana* *Mrs. Wendover* *Mr. Pidding* *Oliver*

Pidding: "I'm afraid I'm a little late, Mrs. Wendover, but all's well that ends well, and here I am"

The week end at Thames Filton, after being broken in upon by Lady Diana Porchester (Miss Aickin), and her daughter, Angela (Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson), is further disturbed by the arrival of Stanley Pidding (Mr. Vivian Reynolds)

Photos Copyright of "The Biograph Studio"

Mrs. Wendover *Miss Toop* *Miss Skeat* *Rev. Lemuel Toop* *Oliver*

Miss Toop: "It is these little essential trifles which go to make a cheerful evening"

A little later the Rev. L. Toop (Mr. Hignett), his sister Ursula (Miss Wetherall), and their friend, Miss Skeat (Miss Beet), arrive and explain that they have come to hold the weekly meeting of the village reading society

Mrs. Wendover *Probyn Dyke* *Oliver*

Mrs. Wendover, to Oliver: "Will you show your cousin to the bathroom, I'm afraid it is the best we can offer him"

The next arrival is Probyn Dyke (Mr. Vane-Tempest), Oliver's cousin, and Mrs. Wendover is at her wits' end to know where to put him up. Probyn who has come down in reality to make love to Angela, is provided with a "shakedown" in the bathroom

Photos copyright of "The Biograph Studio"

Rev. L. Toop *Pidding* *Oliver* *Angela*

Oliver, to Pidding: "Here, Pidding, you had better take your coat off if you are going to move pianos"

An impromptu supper is arranged for the unexpected and hungry visitors. Oliver, who is busy getting Angela something to eat, sends Pidding to help the curate to move the piano and arrange the drawing-room for the reading

Miss Toop *Miss Skeat* *Oliver* *Lady Diana* *Mrs. Wendover*

Miss Toop: "I think we're ready for the reading now." Oliver: "Oh!"

Oliver, exasperated by the influx of visitors and by Mrs. Wendover's refusal to marry him, threatens to make love to all the guests. Suddenly confronted with Miss Toop, he pretends to be struck with her attractions

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Oliver *Miss Skeat*

Oliver, to Miss Skeat: "Restrain yourself: you will be giving yourself away. Remember that anything you say now may be used in evidence against you"

After making pretended love to Miss Skeat, when the deluded maiden calls to see him on Sunday, Oliver repudiates the episode, and persuades her that it was his cousin Probyn who held her hand in the balcony the previous evening

Oliver *Miss Toop*

Oliver, to Miss Toop: "It is now ten minutes past four. If your answer be favourable, he begs that you would be on the island in the backwater at five"

Miss Toop is also a victim of Cliver's love-making by proxy. He tells her that Probyn will be waiting for his answer on the island in the backwater

Lady Diana: "Now, Oliver, I can attend to you"

Lady Diana, another victim, requires an explanation, and is disposed to favourably consider Oliver as a suitor, but she also is told that he was only pleading his cousin Probyn's cause

Oliver, to Mrs. Wendover: "I'm in love with all your guests, so they think—that's my luck. Only they think I'm Probyn—that's my genius"

Oliver, called on for an explanation, tells Mrs. Wendover, in mock seriousness, how he has squandered the love which she refused

Photos Copyright *of "The Biograph Studio"*

Angela *Probyn* *Mrs. Wendover* *Lady Diana* *Oliver* *Pidding* *Miss Skeat* *Miss Toop*

Lady Diana: "Nothing but the fact that indignation would heighten the painful absurdity of my appearance prevents me from exposing you now before all your friends."

Lady Diana, Miss Toop, and Miss Skeat, instigated by Oliver, go to keep a fictitious appointment with Probyn on the island in the backwater. Lady Diana falls in the river, and when the outraged trio return, they find Probyn engrossed with Angela, to whom he is secretly attached

Lady Diana *Pidding* *Mrs. Wendover* *Oliver* *Probyn*

Pidding: "I fear that the regrettable accident of yesterday is responsible for washing the roses from Lady Diana's cheeks"
Lady Diana (indignantly): "Nothing on my cheeks is ever washed off"

Lady Diana, after her accident, is furiously incensed, and suffering severely from shock, decides to leave at once

Photos copyright *of "The Biograph Studio"*

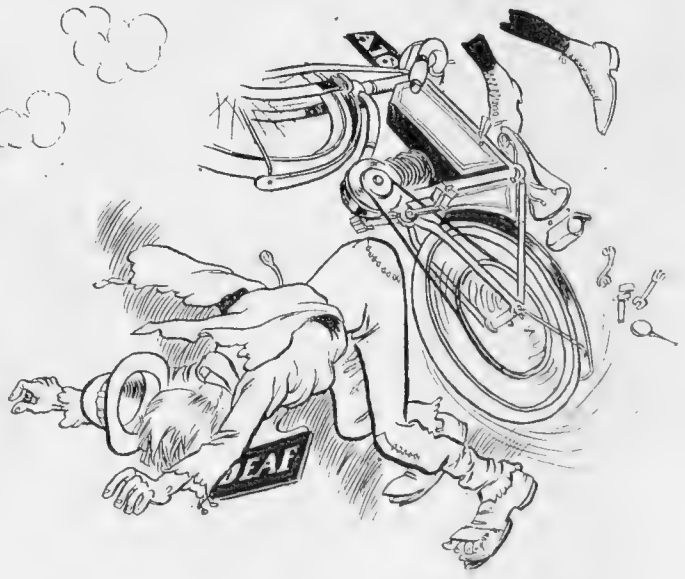
Oliver *Rev. L. Toop* *Probyn*

Rev. L. Toop: "Being my sister, Miss Toop, you will readily understand, is no ordinary woman."

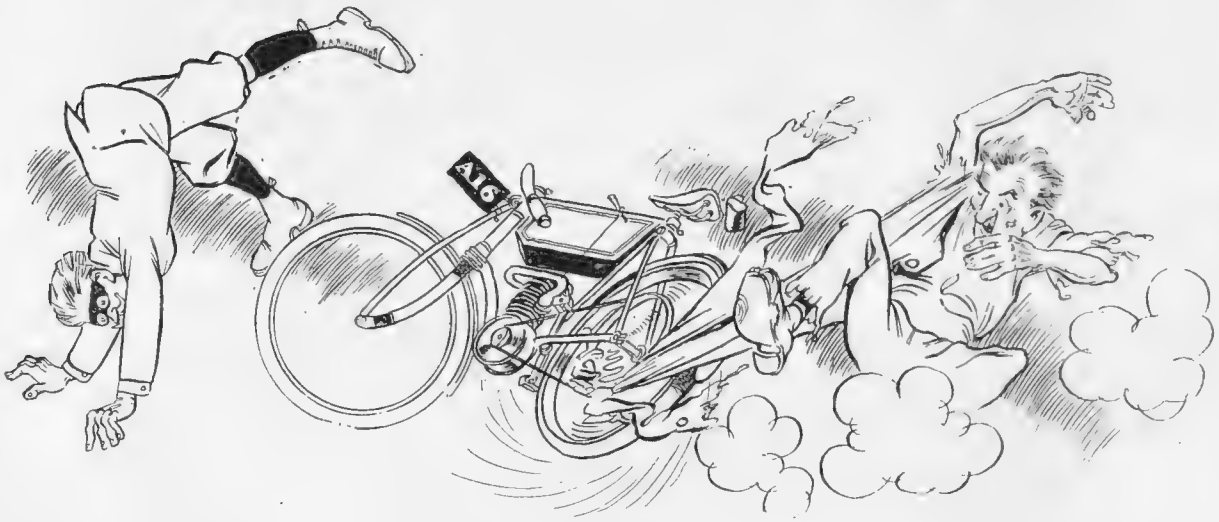
Mr. Toop calls to receive an assurance, that the proposal made to his sister by Oliver (but, as he thinks, by Probyn), is a solemn and serious undertaking

A MOTOR-CYCLE COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

Act I.



Act II.



Act III

Act IV

AT THE CHARITY BALL

By EDITH ST. L. WILSON

It was a well-known fact that Bob Harcourt had married Mary Matthews for her money. It was also understood that Mary Matthews had married Bob Harcourt for "sheer spite"—after her engagement to Cyril Dixon had been broken off. Just why that affair had come to an end no one seemed to know. But—Mrs. Grundy said there was some good reason for it and, of course Mrs. Grundy knew. She always does. Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt made a charming couple—everyone admitted that—but they were puzzling and their friends resented it. They never discussed each other with outsiders. Naturally, it would have made matters so much more interesting if they had People were just allowed to go on guessing, as to the state of affairs that existed between them. But, of course, Mrs. Grundy understood how it was. There was no doubt about that. Even Mrs. Nanton, that pretty little widow—cousin of Bob's, by the way—had only Mrs. Grundy's opinion to go by.

On the night of the Charity Ball, Mrs. Nanton was thinking of this, as she waited for her partner, who had gone to the cloak room for her big white feather boa. That boa, by-the-by, had been a present from Bob Harcourt just before his marriage. Mrs. Grundy remembered all about that little affair—it was just after the Colonel and Grace had come back from their honeymoon. Mrs. Nanton, as she nestled in the cosy corner behind the palms, decided in her own mind that Mrs. Grundy was a dreadful bore, and that she didn't care a button *what* she thought. She wished she could let her know it, too. Five minutes after, she had an idea. She deliberately played—*eavesdropper*. Bob and that silly little wife of his were quarrelling—just on the other side of the palm screen. Mrs. Nanton's sympathy went out to her handsome cousin as she listened to the following dialogue:

"Mary, once and for all, this is going too far. Let me see your programme ——. You are old enough to know better."

"Yes. I'm certainly old enough to know better than to show you my programme. I *will not* be treated like a child."

"Well, Heaven knows, you act like one. You are *not* to dance with Cyril Dixon again to-night. Pity if I can't trust my own wife. Why didn't you wait for me, instead of coming on with that crowd?"

"Wait for you—and land in here at twelve o'clock? What kept you late? Were you waiting for your cousin? Well, I had other fish to fry—so *there*."

"That's enough, Mary. We won't bring Grace's name into this discussion. I don't even know whether she's here or not. I couldn't help my train being late, could I?"

"You might have taken an earlier train. Well, anyway, I'm tired of this—there's my partner."

"Mary, make some excuse. Say you're tired—or say I'm tired, and let's go home. I'm feeling seedy—this has been a trying sort of day altogether. Come on, I apologise if I've been nasty, but—let's go."

"Apologise, indeed—that's very nice of you, to be sure, after all you've said. I *will not* be talked to like a school girl—why don't you say that I *act* like one? I'll go home when I'm ready. You're exasperating—standing there like some monument of dignity. I'm going to have a good time."

"Have it? I'll follow your example." And the man muttered to himself, as he saw his wife glide off on the arm of Cyril Dixon, "Two can play at that game."

. . . . . .

"Oh, Cyril, I wish you wouldn't talk to me like that! You spoil everything. Let's be good friends. What would Bob say if he heard you?"

"He won't hear me, Mary—he's down in the supper-room with Mrs. Nanton."

(Fifteen Minutes Later.)

"Oh, Captain Wright, have you seen my husband?"

"Yes, just a moment ago. He's upstairs waltzing with Mrs. Nanton."

(Half Hour Later.)

"Oh! how the time's dragging out—Mr. Wilkes, have you seen my husband?"

"Just left him. He's in the conservatory with Mrs. Nanton."

(Fifteen Minutes Later.)

"*Oh!* I'm tired. Sir Rudolph, have you seen Mr. Harcourt?"

"Yes. He's over in the Turkish room—talking to Mrs. Nanton."

(An Hour Later.)

"This has been the most unsatisfactory dance of the season. *Mr.* Dixon, will you be good enough to go and tell my husband that I'm ready to go home, now?"

"Certainly, *Mrs.* Harcourt, if you wish it. I see him, beside the palms—with Mrs. Nanton."

. . . . . .

"Bob, how *could* you?"

"Mary—how could *you*?"

"Well, I didn't *mean* to be horrid!"

"Neither did I!"

. . . . . .

And, after that, Mrs. Grundy decided that Mr. and Mrs. Bob Harcourt were a very devoted couple

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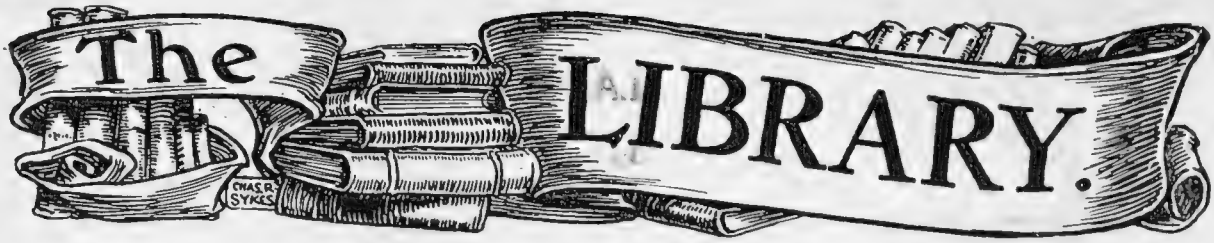


Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"The Double Garden." A new volume of Essays. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by A. T. de Mattos and Alfred Sutro. (Allen: 5*s.* net.)

"Personal Reminiscences of the First Duke of Wellington." By the late G. R. Gleig, Chaplain-General. (Blackwood: 15*s.* net.)

"The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland." By Michael Davitt. (Harper: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Faith of Men." A collection of stories. By Jack London. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"Brothers; The True History of a Fight against Odds." By Horace Vachell. (Murray: 6*s.*)

"The Veil of the Temple." A romance written round religion. By W. H. Mallock. (Murray: 6*s.*)

"The Lady in Sables." By G. W. Appleton. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

A Frozen El Dorado

"THREE YEARS IN THE KLONDIKE." By Jeremiah Lynch. Arnold. (London: 1904.)

The Arctic regions have always possessed a peculiar fascination of their own; but when, to the fascination of the North, is added the fascination of gold, tragedy and melodrama follow as a matter of course. There is tragedy enough in Mr. Lynch's book, but it is tempered by the fact that he himself is one of the successful; and his success is all the more welcome to the reader because it is due to his own sterling qualities—including a "canniness" quite Scotch in character. The difficulties of mining in the Klondike region will be realised when it is remembered that throughout the year "four feet from the ground the Yukon district was frozen hundreds of feet thick through the action of past centuries," and every inch of gravel had to be thawed, either by huge fires or steam, before it could be removed for washing. In winter the cold is almost incredibly severe, witness the following anecdote of a miner who had stepped through rotten ice into an alkali spring:

The Author at his Mining Quarters: A Typical Log Shanty

Reproduced from "Three Years in the Klondike" by permission of Mr. E. Arnold

> It was only six inches of water that the miner stepped into, and in a moment he was out, and hastening to the brush hard by started to light a fire; for the clothes freeze, the feet freeze, and in five minutes one may find that part of his body and garments which has been immersed in the water as rigid as solid steel. Rapidly he cut a few fragments of wood with his heavy pocket knife. But the unlighted match dropped from his already chilled fingers, for he had rashly removed his mitts in order to use the knife with more freedom. Then he lighted a second and a third, and finally several at one time . . . . But it was too late. Though only five minutes could have gone by the terror of death was upon him . . . . and when his companion arrived, scarce fifteen minutes later, he found the body already cold and rigid, kneeling on the snow and ice, while the hands partially closed together and uplifted . . . . held yet within their palms the unlighted match.

It is surprising, under the circumstances, to read of the number of women to be found in the mining settlement of Dawson:

> From over the whole globe they had flocked to Dawson. . . . Some had a history and some not before they came, but all had a history after arrival. There was no honest occupation for women. Many went professedly as housekeepers to miners who were rich enough to employ one, but it was only another name. A very few found precarious and unremunerative employment in the stores, and the others drifted into houses kept for dancing, with gambling at faro and roulette as a principal adjunct. . . . But, withal, prizes were distributed quite impartially by fortune in the shape of rich mining husbands, and more than a dozen of these same dancing-hall girls are to-day enjoying married happiness at London, Paris, New York, and other places. And I make no doubt that they are quite as moral as the traditional Becky Sharpe.

Still more remarkable is the rapidity with which colonization advanced; here is a picture of the early pioneers:

One man had strapped to his back two sacks of flour weighing together 100 pounds. Another carried a sack of flour, a small Yukon stove with two lengths of pipe, some bacon, coffee, sugar, a pick, shovel, axe, pan, and a pair of blankets. He was equipped for any emergency, and looked like a small, branching tree.

But from the first a team of dogs was indispensable for the attainment of any degree of success; though these were superseded later by horses, when it was discovered that the latter could survive the winter:

In November 1898 horses were left to die on the trails and in Dawson. There was neither work nor feed for them. . . . Those same horses wandered up the hills where the snow was five feet deep on the hill-side. They brushed the snow away with feet and nose, finding luscious whortleberries, blackberries, and raspberries in great quantities. . . . The lowest authentic record at the barracks was fifty-seven degrees below zero, yet in the spring the horses were reclaimed by their owners, and looked infinitely better than when turned out to die at the commencement of winter. This was a lesson as well as a revelation.

But the most surprising development was in the town itself. When the author arrived at Dawson, it was a mere collection of mining shanties; two years after

to promenade Front Street on the river front was like walking for a block or two in the Strand. The street was sewered, macadamised, and side-walked. Shops, with full stocks and plate-glass windows, occupied the east side. The west side consisted of wharves fronting the river.

But, unfortunately, with prosperity the "undesirable" element made its appearance. Crime, at first, was practically unknown, and in this connection the author pays a tribute to Canadian administration:

I learned then, as later, that while the Canadian laws were no better than, or, indeed, very much different from, our American laws, their execution was more stringent and energetic. Legal offences were punished, and not only punished, but punished promptly, which is the main thing. Lawyers were not permitted the same latitude to delay and hamper justice, and the magistrate exercised more authority than in the United States.

Of the many queer personalities the author met in the course of his three years' exile, one in particular is worthy of mention. During a sleigh journey he met with an elderly "sour-dough," as the old hands were termed, who possessed a small library, including six volumes of Gibbon.

"Who left these here?" said I to Andy. "Who left 'em here?" he answered sharply. "Why, no one. I've had 'em for two or three years. Take 'em everywhere, and read 'em every night when I get time. I'll bet I know more about Cæsar, Hadrian, Attila, Belisarius, and all the others than you do—or most anyone else!" he added triumphantly.

A special word of praise is due to the illustrations, which are from photographs. T. A. J.

Books to Appear Shortly

"I have not been convinced by any of the Protectionist speeches," writes Lord Avebury in his new book on "Free Trade," which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing, "while the three Blue-books," he adds, "afford important evidence in support of the Free Trade position. Lord Avebury's book has grown out of two chapters on "Fiscal Policy" which appeared in his "Essays and Addresses," published a short time before the fiscal crisis came to a head.

Both camps are busy with works on the same subject, and the flood of fiscal literature, which seemed to be abating somewhat, promises to burst out afresh with undiminished strength. A book that should be really useful has been written by Mr. Percy Ashley, Lecturer at the London School of Economics in the University of London, and it will be published by Mr. Murray under the title of "Modern Tariff History." The author deals mainly with the modern tariff policy of Germany, France, and the United States, describing the forces, economic and political, which have determined the various changes. In particular, there is a full account of the recent important controversy which has occurred in Germany, not only as to Protection and Free Trade, but also as to the general tendencies of the modern industrial state.

The works of Dora Greenwell, who died in 1882, are taking their place among those of the great devotional writers of the past. Selections are already included in the well-known series of "Canterbury Poets," and to-morrow Messrs. Methuen are bringing out, in their miniature library, a reprint of the 1848 volume of poems with which she began her literary career. Whittier classed Dora Greenwell, who was an essayist as well as a poet, with Thomas à Kempis, Augustine, and Fénelon, and many of her best pieces appeared in this little volume of 1848. Among these are, "The Dream of a Poet's Youth," "The Song of Death," and "Annunciata"—beginning with the lines:

I saw her beautiful before me stand—
Annunciata! like a breathing Grace,
The bright ideal of some antique race,
Fraught with the spirit of their soul-lit land.

A novel idea is carried out in an American "Field Book of Wild Birds and their Music,' by Mr. F. Schuyler Mathews, which Messrs. Putnam will publish over here at the end of the month. A system of musical notation is given, which will enable all readers, musical and otherwise, to recognise the wild birds of America by their song alone. Something of the sort, dealing with our own birds, would be very welcome to nature lovers in this country. Mr. Schuyler Mathews's book will slip into the pocket, and is filled with illustrations in colour and half-tone.

The Rev. P. A. Sheehan, who made his name as a novelist with "My New Curate," has written another story, or rather drama, which Messrs. Longmans are publishing under the title of "Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise." The plot is as strange as the title. Three schoolgirls, while taking leading parts as the Fates in certain tableaux in their college theatre, have their own destinies foretold by a mysterious voice in the audience. The prophecy impresses them to such an extent that they make a mutual promise to be present at the three great events of their lives as announced by the solemn unknown. Some portions of the plot are said to be written from actual experience, and the whole aims at fidelity to the vicissitudes of modern life.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Humorists Wanted

When Colonel Harvey, of the *North American Review*, and president of the famous publishing firm of Harpers, was in London a few weeks ago, he was interviewed concerning the literary outlook, and, as far as I remember, the point upon which he laid most stress was the alleged lack of humorous writers both in England and America. I do not pretend to sufficient knowledge of Transatlantic literary affairs to judge of the appositeness of Colonel Harvey's opinion, so far as it concerns America; but I am sure that he is mistaken in all that he said about English humorists In the first place, it is not true that avowedly humorous books are immensely successful. If I were a publisher, and had to choose between two works, one sparkling with wit and humour, the other bathed in tears, I know which I should choose, were sales my object. I shall venture to assert that more copies of "East Lynne" have been sold than of all Mr. Barry Pain's, Mr. Jacobs's, and Mr. Pett Ridge's books put together. Nor have we any lack of genuine humorists. I shall be pleased to send Colonel Harvey a list of some twenty writers all reasonably entitled to be so classed!

Photo by **Mr. Barry Pain** *Russell*

The well-known humorist

Mr. Barry Pain

I have just read Mr. Barry Pain's latest book of stories, with the unhappy, though appropriate, title of "Deals." Mark Twain has seldom written anything funnier than the first of these stories, "A Modern Sibyl"; but he has what nearly all our English humorists lack, the power of writing a long narrative. Even Mr. W. W. Jacobs is not so happy with the full-length novel as he is with a short story, and a perverse and stiff-necked generation of readers evidently prefers long tales to collections of short stories. It seems to me that the only form in which humorous literature can succeed in England is at sixpence or a shilling. Some of Mr. Barry Pain's books have been very widely circulated; but there are few authors who can rest content with a shilling public. Mr. Pain is again attempting a long novel, although his previous essays in that direction have not been highly successful.

Old Publishers

One of the first London publishers to make a special feature of humorous literature was the late John Camden Hotten, whose business was merged thirty years ago into that of Messrs. Chatto and Windus. He it was who introduced us to Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Orpheus C. Kerr, Russell Lowell and to other American humorists. It was Hotten, also, who published, thirty-seven years ago, Mr. Richard Whiteing's first book, the delightfully funny "Mr. Sprouts." He was a maker as well as a seller of books, and ie l a comparatively young man in the full tide of success. An unsympathetic wit, who had written for him, and considered himself somewhat shabbily treated, penned a malicious epitaph for poor Hotten, whose death resulted from trichinosis, caused by eating diseased pork—"Hotten, rotten, forgotten!" But he is not quite forgotten, for as the real founder of Messrs. Chatto and Windus, who have very closely followed his tastes and methods, he may be said to have a worthy memorial. It seems a pity that famous old publishers' names should disappear. Moxon and Co., who printed the well-known Aldine edition of the poets, were merged in Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., and Newberry, celebrated in the eighteenth century, was absorbed by Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Co., while the business of Charles Knight, the pioneer of popular literature, is now, I fancy, amalgamated with that of Messrs. Cassell's, although the old name may still be seen on a window at La Belle Sauvage. Messrs. Longmans and Co. are the oldest firm of first importance, with an unbroken history dating back to 1724. The stately house of John Murray was founded in 1768 by a Scotsman who had been in the Navy and took to publishing because he perceived that "many blockheads" were then "making fortunes" in that business! His real name was McMurray, but he

toned down its Caledonian flavour by dropping the Celtic prefix. Touching the annals of the publishing trade, I hope that the admirable "Bibliography of Publishing and Bookselling," which Mr. W. H. Peet has been contributing to *Notes and Queries*, will be issued in permanent form, as it is full of interest, and seems to me to have been carried through with great skill and patient research.

American Literary Imports

The fiscal question is one that does not greatly interest me; but there is no doubt that it does touch literary as well as commercial affairs. After all, the making and selling of books is at the bottom very much like trading in any articles of merchandise. Time was when English authors had a great vogue in America, but now only a very few of our writers enjoy any considerable income from the sale of their works in America. On the other hand, some English publishers are finding it a paying business to import the printed sheets of American books, or to buy stereo-plates from America and print from them. This enables them to pad out their lists at a much less cost than would be possible if all their books were written and printed in this country. I notice that one well-known firm advertise a "spring list" of which exactly one half has been thus imported from America. I draw no conclusion, point no moral, but simply state a fact.

Photo by **Mr. Shan F. Bullock** *Russell*

One of the large band of literary men who hold posts in the Civil Service

Does Grub Street Still Exist?

I heard a comfortable literary gentleman assert the other evening that "of course Grub Street has entirely disappeared." Is this so? I do not think it is. Indeed, I could write a long article laden with proof that Grub Street is still in existence, and I know personally many people who have dwelt therein. Not long ago a most capable journalist confessed to me that within the last two years he had been reduced to borrowing from two public gentlemen in order to keep his family alive, though he has since been able to repay. Fleet Street swarms with money-lenders who advance loans at enormous interest to needy authors on books or articles for which they have received commissions. My own fear is that a more awful Grub Street than ever Dr. Johnson knew, is growing up to-day, and one of the chief reasons, is the sinister methods of certain newspaper proprietors, who tempt young men from the provinces with offers of large salaries, and, after retaining their services for a few months, callously throw them out into the maelstrom of London journalism, where only the strongest swimmers can keep afloat.

Mr. Shan F. Bullock

Yesterday (Tuesday) was the thirty-ninth birthday of this gifted Irish novelist, whose latest novel, "The Red Leaguers," was issued a few weeks ago by Messrs. Methuen. Mr. Bullock has done much excellent work, and I admire him the more that, despite the indifference of the reading public towards Irish stories, he has remained faithful to his Irish ideals and written of the life he "loves the best of all." "The Squireen," published last year, is, in my judgment, his strongest book and one of the finest studies of Irish life ever written. I believe that the idea of his first novel, "The Awkward Squads," issued in 1893, came to him when, as a youth, he happened to be present at a religious service for soldiers in his native town in Fermanagh. He is employed at Somerset House, and many years of London life have not robbed him of a delicious Irish brogue.

The Test of Humour

"The true humour is mysterious," says Quin in Mr. Chesterton's novel, after having given a sample of it as thus: "In a hollow of the grey-green hills of rainy Ireland lived an old, old woman, whose uncle was always Cambridge at the Boat Race. . . . She didn't know there was a Boat Race. Also she did not know that she had an uncle. . . . And, by-and-by, in God's good time, it was discovered that this uncle of hers was not really her uncle, and they came and told her so. She smiled through her tears, and said only, 'Virtue is its own reward'" I have seen "tests" of humour uncommonly like this. Also I once heard a story of a young man who waited outside the door of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's dressing-room being timorous of entering, though there by appointment. Mr. Tree came out and passed him without recognition. Coming back the young man stayed him, and the actor (who was dressed for the part of Bottom) said, "Ah, I did not recognise you in my make-up!" I wonder if these stories are really humorous, for I've tried them on intelligent people without raising a smile!

The Play in London

The world in general is so delighted to see Mr. W. S. Gilbert's clever work once more on the stage that *The Fairy's Dilemma* has been received with almost unanimous approval, and though I do not want to strike a discordant chord among these harmonies, I think there is something still to be said in the way of criticism. *The Fairy's Dilemma* is clever and amusing, but it is not really quite as clever as the majority of people seem to think. As a matter of fact the game is not even a novel one now, and it is quite easy. There is by no means so much skill required to make people laugh when a sedate parson is turned into a harlequin, or when a demon disappears in steam through a trap, as there is required to make them laugh at, and with, good ordinary people who are not thrown into quaint juxtaposition with the supernatural.

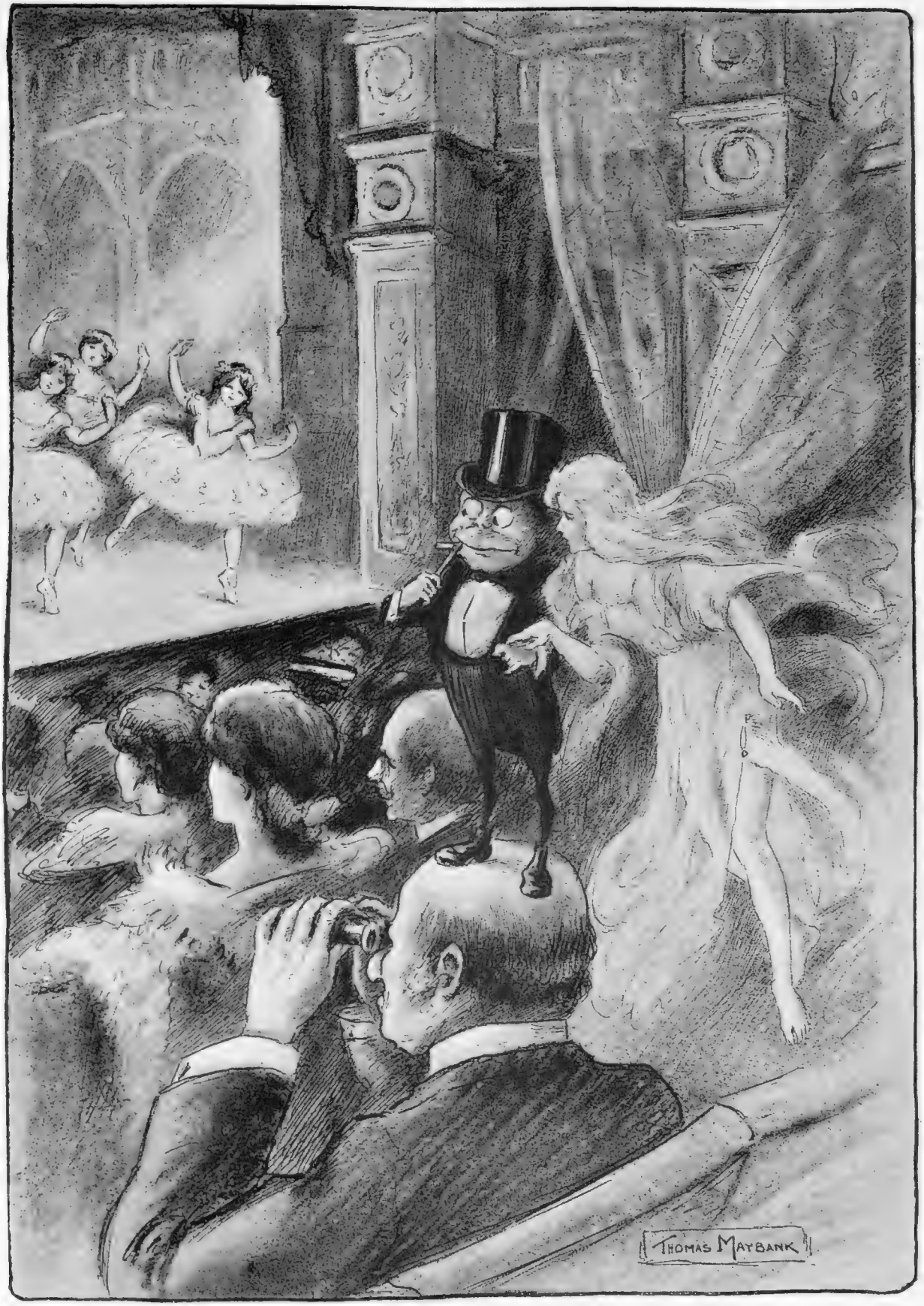
Think what an amusing play might be written, for instance, by taking another such a frankly impossible subject as Mr. H. G. Wells's story, *The Sea Lady!* Heroine a mermaid! Think of it! Only imagine with what beautiful posters London might be plastered. Hero (madly in love, of course,) a politician—a would-be M.P. How would his constituents regard the matter? Would they vote solid if the mer-lady canvassed the county in a bath-chair or if allowed to see her take her morning bath in a marble tank, or would they be shocked? Shocked I fear. Of course, a good character would be a sceptical professor, who is sure that the lady is a fraud and who surreptitiously pinches her tail. Tears and cries from the poor lady and sympathy from all. A heroine in tears always commands sympathy, and there is added pathos in a tail. Then, of course there would be Mr. Wells's sympathetic old lady, who knows the tail is honest because she patted it. Mrs. Patrick Campbell once played a heroine who was in bed most of the time, I remember, but a heroine in a bath chair, with the graceful contours of a tail half revealed, would be, as Lord Quex's friend would say, very "allurin'." A happy ending would be difficult to arrange. In most mermaid stories the lady reverts to her native element, and drowns her earthly lover, but I dare say this could be got over.

By all this I do not mean that *The Fairy's Dilemma* is not matter to laugh at. I laughed most thoroughly, but still, everyone will not appreciate its travesty of old-fashioned pantomime. Some of us, thank Heaven, are too young to remember the really old pantomimes, anyway we pretend to be too young, like the lady who could not remember Charles Mathews though she was married forty years ago. What I really mean is, that the play is not good art. So much of the humour of the finish depends, not on the circumstance that an officer in the guards is turned into a clown by the fairy, but on the fact that Mr. Arthur Bourchier is turned into a clown; and so it is with Lady Angela Wealdstone. We do not really care much about her; it is the fact that Miss Violet Vanbrugh is turned into a columbine in pink tights and short skirts that amuses us. Mr. Gilbert, I should say, has no respect for the actor's art. He is a brilliant cynic, and I dare say the play amuses him vastly; but when I saw Mr. Arthur Bourchier (who is one of our few actors who improve instead of going back) and Mr. Sydney Valentine (whom also I greatly admire) playing the fool as clown and pantaloon, I felt much inclined to weep, and I furtively sought my handkerchief when Mr. Bourchier trundled Mr. Valentine off the stage in the time-honoured wheelbarrow fashion.

The gallery had some excuse for being fractious on the first night of Mr. Arthur Law's play, *The Bride and Bridegroom*, at the New Theatre, for by no possibility could it be called an intensely interesting production. It is a feeble drawing-room affair, very admirably acted. It is wordy, cheaply epigrammatic, and has no story, and, therefore, as I say, the gallery had excuse for disliking it; but this time, I think, in their manner of expressing their dislike they have gone a little too far. I don't like "Jones," but I exercise restraint when I meet him, otherwise I might find myself in a police court, and to a police court some of these gentlemen will come in time. One might think, from their behaviour, that they were the sole arbiters of the drama (and that there were no weary Press-men in the stalls), so confidently and offensively do they blare forth their views.

I have the greatest respect for the opinion of pit and gallery, except on first nights. The pit and gallery often represent the most intelligent section of the house, but these critics do not "boo" plays so much as "managements," and it is time some of them were taught a lesson. It is a proud moment for the obscure clerk or shop-boy when he exasperates a prominent manager into bandying words with him, as was the case with Sir Charles Wyndham the other night, but why managers are so foolish as to encourage these critics by noticing them I have never been able to understand.

Stay at home students of the war may now gain an excellent idea of the difficulties encountered by the rival armies, if they will visit the Alhambra and see the extremely interesting series of war pictures taken by the Urban Bioscope Company. There is no actual fighting shown, but you may see Cossacks in long processions crossing the frozen Lake Baikal; Russian infantry stepping out bravely, and interminable transport trains, while the Japanese warship *Asama* under full steam makes a fine picture. Of more personal interest is General Kuropatkin's arrival at Irkutsk, as a preliminary stage on his way to crush the Japanese and dictate peace at Tokyo—this, I understand, being his intention. By the way, the Alhambra, which first gave us a demonstration of non-inflammable stage scenery, has now relaid the stage flooring with fire-resisting timber, so there should be no risk of fire in this theatre. Even a shaving of this wood obstinately refuses to burn if you try to use it as a cigar light.



The Fairy's Dilemma—Sketched in the Garrick Theatre

"I don't know, my dear, whether we ought to know them—are they in our set or merely early Victorian burlesquers?"

Miss Violet Vanbrugh

Who appears as Columbine in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's new domestic pantomime, *The Fairy's Dilemma*

Photo by] **Miss Lily Brayton** [*Thomas*

Leading lady in Mr. Tree's Company, which is now on tour. Miss Brayton has won golden opinions for her performance of Yo-San in *The Darling of the Gods*

Mr. Huntley Wright Musing in Baba

Miss Marie Studholme
One of the fairest petals of *The Orchid*

Photos by] **Mr. Forbes-Robertson,** [*Thomas*
Who has just secured a lease of the Duke of York's Theatre, where, after the run of *The Rich Mrs. Repton*, he will produce a play by Miss Margaret Strong, entitled *The Edge of the Storm*

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

A Good Rubber Grip

My note some weeks ago on the subject of the London Golf Company's grip has brought me a letter from a correspondent anent an excellent material for rubber grips. My correspondent, whose name and address wild horses would not tear from me, is connected with one of the great daily papers, and he has discovered that the fag ends of the rubber underlay used on the newspaper's fast rotary presses can be utilised with great advantage as a material for club grips. My friend has used grips made of this material for the past year, and has found them excellent in all weathers. He sent me some of the material, and after trying it on a club I can certainly recommend it to those who like rubber grips. The stuff is more durable than ordinary rubber, and does not tear on the edge, being much thicker than the usual material. The smooth surface is placed next to the shaft, and the slightly rougher side gives an excellent hold to the hands. I believe this material can be got from the North British Rubber Company of Edinburgh, and I should strongly advise "philo-rubberists" to give it a trial. My correspondent humorously comments on the ominous connection between golf and "press," arising out of his use of these remnants of material from the printing presses. I prefer to think of it as another ingenious and useful link between golf and literature.

Mr. Mure Fergusson

We are now rapidly approaching the great Amateur Championship meeting at Sandwich, and golfing prophets and scribes are eagerly watching the indications given by any great player in recent performances which may give a line as to the form in which he is playing. Among such performances, a very admirable one was given us the other day by that fine and dogged player, Mr. Mure Fergusson. Playing at Sandwich, against Mr. Mansfield Hunter, in the match between the Stock Exchange and the Bar Society, Mr. Mure Fergusson won by 6 and 5, and completed one round in 72, going out in the magnificent score of 33. Such a performance against a fine young player by one who shares, with Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, the honour of the longest record of first-class golf among present players, emphasises the difficulty I referred to the other day of selecting winners when the old school is pitted against its younger rivals.

A Splendid Record

I think, if memory does not play me false, that Mr. Mure Fergusson won his first medal, at St. Andrews quite thirty years ago. Since then he has repeated that performance on very many occasions, one of the most notable being his score of 79 in 1893 for the autumn medal, this being the first time the medal has been won with a score under 80. On two occasions he has been runner-up in the Amateur Championship, in 1894 and 1898, in the former year only losing to Mr. John Ball by one hole. It is evident that he is in tip-top form just now, and as Sandwich is a favourite green of his, we may confidently look forward to his making a strong bid for the Championship, which has hitherto eluded his grasp. If he can secure the coveted honour he will

Mr. Mure Fergusson, Driving

Although Mr. Mure Fergusson won his first medal at St. Andrews quite thirty years ago, his wonderful play at Sandwich recently shows that he is still in form and will make a strong bid for the forthcoming Amateur Championship

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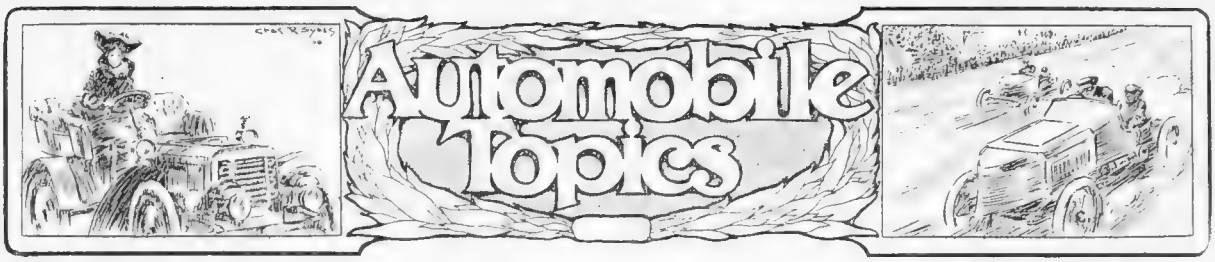

Popular Motor Cars

Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman's paper on "Popular Motor Cars," which he read recently before the Society of Arts, is worth careful study, and it is more than interesting to note that in the matter of the single cylinder fairly cheap car, the horizontal position of the engine quite holds its own. By its use is secured a large, heavy fly-wheel, long connecting rods from piston to crank pins, a low centre of gravity, economy of seating space (no great lumbering bonnet being necessary to cover over cylinders standing on their ends). A large fly-wheel to one cylinder gives far less intermittent running than do many cars with two cylinders with a small fly-wheel, and its continued momentum enables the engine to be run extremely slowly. The speaker went on to point out also that the horizontal position does not, *per se*, oppose any bar to engine speed, and it is also an advantage to have an engine rotating in the same plane as the road wheels, and, as everyone must recognise, this arrangement of the moving parts in a car makes them so very much more easily accessible to the ordinary amateur who is likely to become its owner. One point Mr. O'Gorman did not allude to, was the suitability of the horizontal engine for use in connection with solid tyres. I am afraid I do not believe in solids with a vertical engine, the "up and down" piston shoot, producing far greater general vibration than the "fore and aft" beat of the horizontal cylinder.

Carburettors

He also pours some scorn on automatic carburettors, of which, as he truly remarks, a new type is regularly evolved each week as we grow older. The general theory of all these is, that on the speed of the engine increasing, the vacuum sucks harder over the petrol jet, and that, therefore, too rich a mixture of petrol gas and air is being sucked in, so that about this time an auxiliary air valve *ought* to open *somehow*, *somewhere* in the inlet or induction pipe, and this is usually accomplished by fitting a valve to "leak" air into this pipe when the suction becomes great. This is, in reality, only guessed at,

Photo by *Foulsham and Banfield*

The Gordon-Bennett Eliminating Trials: Mr. Charles Jarrott and his Mechanician, Bianchi, in the 96 h.-p. Wolseley Racer

Mr. Jarrott, it will be recalled, met with a serious mishap in the Gordon-Bennett Race last year. His car snapped in two, and he was flung to the side of the road, fracturing his collar-bone. Bianchi, who fell under the car, was even more seriously injured

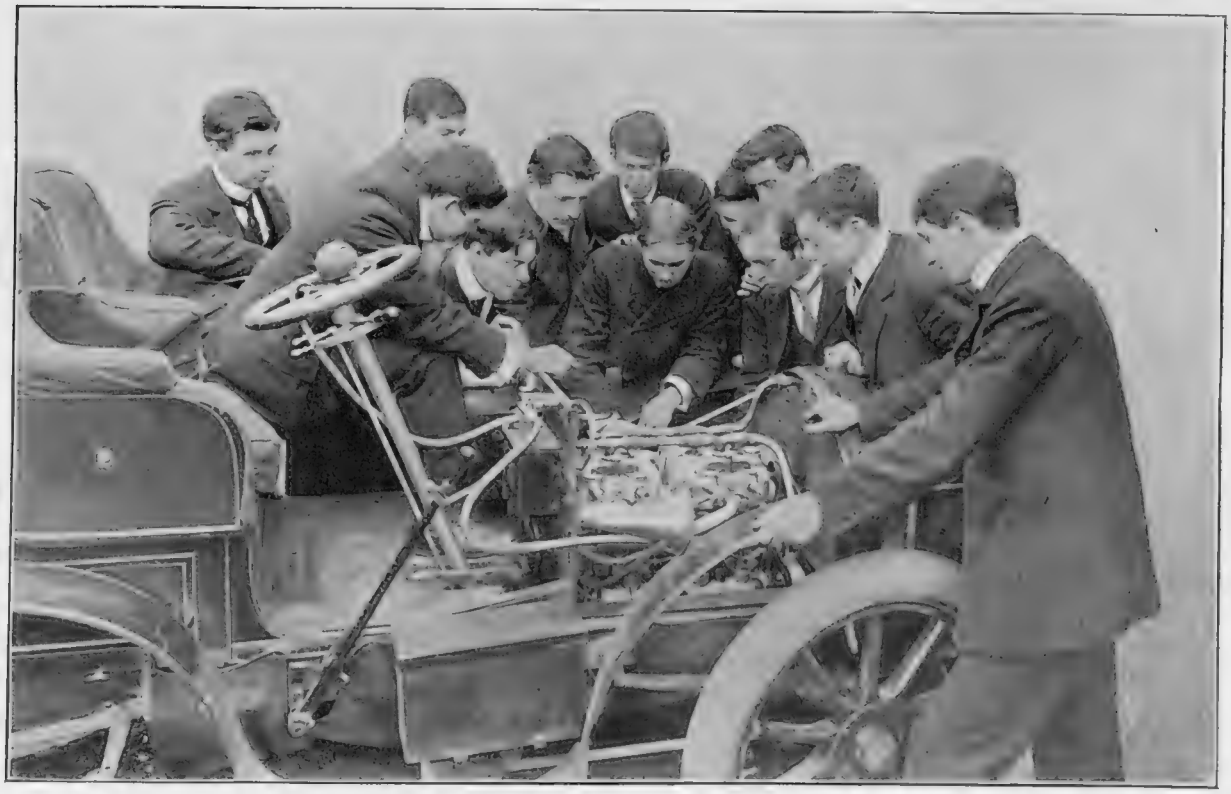

Photo by] **A Motor Class at the Battersea Polytechnic** [*Ryan*

and, as a result, in many of the comparatively cheaper sort of automatic carburettors the public is being deluded, and "the appliance is liable to be worse than useless." Then why bother about it? We have been getting along admirably with the Longuemare, Sthenos, and many other fixed carburettors. So why go crazy after these strange inventions? Some few seem to work all right, but the bulk of them are the ephemeral creations of the brain of the inventor run to seed, and should be carefully eschewed, lest a worse thing than too rich a mixture occur, to give endless trouble and annoyance.

Weight

It is perfectly true, as Mr. O'Gorman says, that the enormous question of weight is sadly overlooked, and but few people really know how much their cars actually weigh, and care less. But they would care more if they simply grasped the fact that a heavy car, compared with a light one of similar horse power, uses more power for every journey, requires more power for any hill or for any speed, necessitates more expensive tyres and wears them out far quicker, and has very expensive parts, if any are required. I know a man who has a car weighing 35cwt. and he is surprised that such a large yearly expenditure is necessary to make it run. He will not believe that it is because he has at least 5 cwt. too much, but this is the real explanation.

A Book to Read

While on the subject of Mr. O'Gorman it may be well to mention that this real expert has recently published a "Motor Pocket Book," a truly luminous *vade mecum*, which everyone desirous of understanding the ethics of motor-cars should procure without delay. Its price is *7s. 6d.*, and it is worth every penny of the money, and more.

Bold Advertisement

It is surprising how much trouble is taken by some firms to bring their wares to the notice of the public. The other day I wandered into a well-known motor warehouse, in answer to the appeals of a friend, who contemplated the buying of a car of the type on view there, and who wanted to add my assurance to what he knew perfectly well already, *i.e.*, that it was "all right." In discoursing with one of the attendant eloquent myrmidons, I innocently remarked that one heard a good deal of this vehicle in the Press, to which he blandly remarked, "Oh yes, we keep a sort of tame editor on the premises, who looks after all those writing chaps, and keeps 'em fed up with news." Meditating on this information, I inquired, in tones of mild reproof, "Where are the ball bearings, do you mean to say the valves have no variable lifts, why is there no magneto-ignition?" His reply was instructive: "*This* car is a business proposition, and there is absolutely *no* 'tommy rot' *about* it. We are getting sick of all that balderdash, and so is the public." One never knows about these matters for certain; but there is just a possibility that when a man desires to set up an automobile, he does not want to combine with it a sort of Chinese puzzle to play with, and so now he is beginning to bar everything but the piston going in and out, simple, hardened cams for opening the valves, the ordinary two-to-one timing gear, perhaps a governor, and a pump, and if he *can* get away from the pump he will, and use natural water circulation. The pump is almost defunct and we shall attend its obsequies with the most profound satisfaction.

C. J. Marton.

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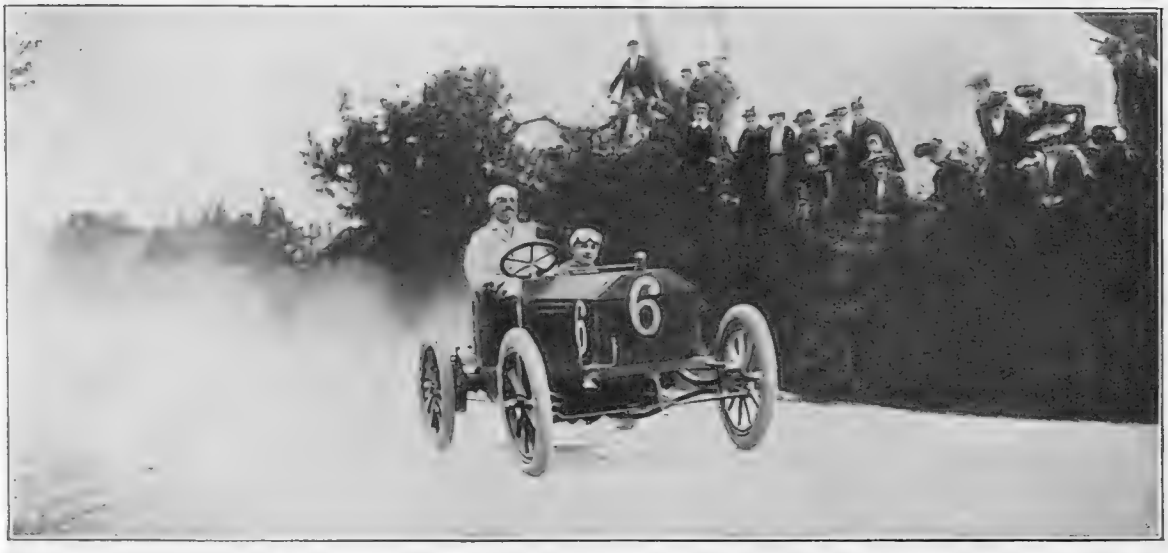
FIVE TIMES OVER A COURSE OF FIFTY-ONE MILES

Mr. Mark Mayhew (Napier) Starting

Mr. Mayhew experienced trouble with his car. He completed only three of the five circuits



Mr. Clifford Earp (Napier), 7 hrs. 39 min., Completing the First Round

Mr. Earp's time in this trial was the best of all the competitors. On the last day of the trials, Mr. Earp was the victim of a serious accident, his car crashing into a stone wall. He was much shaken and his brother, who was acting as his machinist, sustained concussion of the brain

Mr. S. Girling (Wolseley), 7 hrs. 59 min., at Willaston Corner

This corner was taken at a speed of 20 miles per hour

"Without Apology"

In spite of Mr. Hall Caine's shrinking modesty, the fact leaked out at the beginning of the year that a new masterpiece from his pen, entitled "The Prodigal Son," was to make its appearance. I am now able to add, on the authority of a motoring visitor who has just returned from the land of Caine-an—which, as everyone knows, is situated in the Isle of Mannerisms—that "The Prodigal Son" will be issued with befitting splendour, and bound in full fatted calf.

Apropos of the unrehearsed "scene" at the New Theatre, one is reminded of the less noisy, but quite as effective, method once adopted by a member of the "gods" who wished to censure a player. The hero of the drama had arrived at the most poignant situation in the play. The heroine was in danger and no help could be got to her. There was a deep hush throughout the house. Everyone felt, or was supposed to feel, that life and death hung in the balance. Then the actor-manager-hero strode up to the footlights, and casting his eyes to heaven, his voice shaken with emotion, exclaimed, "Oh this is terrible . . . . This is terrible!"

Instantly there came a piping voice from above, "Terrible—why, guv'nor, it's awful!"

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." So sang the poet, but, as they say in Parliament, I will even go so far as to venture to think that the poet is mistaken. It seems to me that, upon occasion, our friends in China get ahead of us, as witness this proclamation in the *Peking and Tientsin Times*:

ANY PERSON SPREADING FALSE REPORTS WILL BE BEHEADED.

The method is crude—even elementary, but it is wonderfully effective. And it brings matters at once to a head. What, one wonders, would be the result of such a proclamation in Fleet Street and neighbourhood! But perhaps it would not be the first time the young lions of the Press have lost their heads.

Apropos of the above subject, great anxiety has existed, and numerous inquiries have been made, in Carmelite Street during the past week, regarding the condition of the *Mail* Leader Writer. He has not called Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman "The Incubus" for quite eight days.

The old Chamber of Deputies building on the Bahnhofsplatz at Berlin has been leased to a company which proposes to turn the house into a music-hall and variety show. The rumour that the British House of Commons is also to be turned into a music-hall is not yet authenticated. An unofficial programme of the first night's entertainment has, however, reached us.

WESTMINSTER MUSIC HALL

Two hours' continuous hilarity

9 P.M. R. W. Perks and R. J. Campbell in song and dance respectively. Mr. Perks will sing "As your hair grows whiter I shall love you more."

9.15 P.M. Professor Wanklyn from the Crystal Palace in his unique entertainment (during which he will render "airs" upon his own trumpet), entitled

"MAYORS' NESTS."

The programme will also offer a remarkable exhibition of fire-eating.

9.30 P.M. The Forty-One Harmsworth Brothers in their

INCREDIBLE WIRE ACT.

9.45 P.M. Miss Fanny Balfour, wearing Buckles and Bells upon her shoes, will render:

"Joe *And*-his-Son—Our Joe."
"Hired—Arthur."
"Hugh'll take the High Road and we'll take the Low Road."

10 P.M. Mr. J. Chamberlain will present his

TAME TARIFF COMMISSIONERS.

These gazelle-like creatures should be seen by all lovers of *home* pets. They will go through a series of evolutions eloquent of the careful training they have received from their master.

10.15 P.M. Songs by Mr. Aretas Akers-Douglas:

"Beautiful Beer."
"Oh, listen to the Band—of Hope."
"'Twas in Trafalgar's Square."

10.30 P.M. Mr. C. A. Vince will show

A Series of "Posing" Figures.

Though intended for "illustrations," these figures are not *tableaux vivants*.

The whole concluding with

One of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's
World-Renowed Transformation Scenes.

This year we celebrate the 300th anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot. A few details may, therefore, be of interest. Guy Fawkes was a Roman Catholic gentleman, who took such strong exception to Parliament that he decided to give it a good blowing-up. Like his namesake, Mr. Boothby, Fawkes was very fond of a plot, but, unlike the novelist, had a keen aversion to anything that savoured of royalties. In brief, Guy hated the King. So, on the day before the opening of Parliament, Guy occupied a cell—not the only cell he was to know that day—beneath the House, and planted a little plot of gunpowder. But neither the plot nor the gunpowder went off well.

In fact, the only thing that really went off was Guy's head.

The Connoisseur.

The Glyptic Art

II.

One great charm which the antique gem can claim over the modern brilliant stone, is that its design was often inspired by an amusing fancy or a philosophic thought, and thus its delicacy and skill is doubly pleasant.

No one in our time has been keener to observe the pleasing qualities of antique art than Mr. Austin Dobson, who has written a most agreeable series of verses on a cabinet of gems. His lines on an agate cameo, called "The Power of Love," are delightfully suggestive of the spirit that informed the work of the carver of gems during the Renaissance. The poet's "Case of Cameos" appears to be particularly rich in examples of work which breathed the pagan-philosophic of that period:

First, in an Agate-stone, a Centaur strong,
With square man-breasts and hide of dapple dun,
His brown arms bound behind him with a thong,
On strained croup strove to free himself from one—
A bolder rider than Bellerophon.
For on his back, by some strange power of art,
There sat a laughing Boy with bow and dart,
Who drave him where he would, and driving him,
With that barbed toy would make him rear and start.
To this is writ "World-Victor" on the rim.

Cameo in Cairngorm, Mounted as a Brooch

Italian Shell Cameo of a Roman Emperor

But apart from the beauty of cameos, they have the great advantage for the connoisseur that they can still be collected, although the path to this glory is beset with pitfall and with snare. Among the most used of stones for cameos one finds beryl, plasma, aquamarine, chrysoprase, garnet, essonite, amethyst, jasper, bloodstone, cairngorm, red jacinth, the pink ruby (hard to cut), cornelian and sard, and, of course, the onyx. Opal and turquoise, too, and lapis-lazuli, and very many artificially coloured or improved stones—for the chemical methods of adding interest to the doubtful or unpleasing stone were discovered ages ago by the wily Indian and Arabian lapidaries.

Græco-Roman Cameo: Head of Omphale

This gem is set in a frame of Renaissance gold and enamel. What makes it even more interesting is the fact that on the other side of the stone is a cameo of the head of Hercules of a later century, Italian workmanship

Evaluation

In regard to gauging accurately the worth of engraved gems, there have been few better or more amusing authorities than Count Michael Tyskiewicz, whose "Notes et Souvenirs d'un Vieux Collectionneur" is full of amusing and informing facts on the subject. Under the heading, "Intaglios and Cameos," he says (in the excellent translation of Mrs. Andrew Lang, from which we quote) that over and above mere hard work, the knowledge of gems is pre-eminently a question of instinct, which must be born in a man:

Portrait of Antinous, Seventeenth Century Work. Cameo in Two Strata of Agate

> For example, in the year 1865 the famous dealer, Alessandro Castellani, was entirely destitute of any knowledge of archæology, but his natural instinct was such that in a very few years he had become one of the best living judges of objects that dated either from ancient times or from the Renaissance. But strange to say, in spite of the extraordinary refinement and delicacy of his taste, he never succeeded in acquiring any real knowledge of gems; and though thousands of them passed through his hands, he was, up to the end, always taken in, not only by artistic imitations of the sixteenth century, but even by very inferior copies of modern days.

M. de Tyskiewicz came to the conclusion that the marked distrust exhibited by amateur collectors in the matter of cameos has put an end to the fabrication of spurious gems. Mr. Davenport, on the other hand, in writing of the subject, says:—"It must be admitted that a modern skilful workman can copy any cameo, old or new, with such perfection that it would be impossible for anyone but an expert to say which was the original and which was the copy." And he adds the queer story of the Italian workman who discovered an ingenious method of reducing the high polish of an imitated gem to a state of pseudo-antiquity. He found that, by making turkeys swallow a brilliantly polished gem, the trituration of the gizzards of the birds produced the exact appearance of many centuries of use, and enabled him to sell his handiwork as that of older masters without difficulty.

Many a stately treasure-house in Europe conserves this modest gentleman's assisted masterpieces. An extremely interesting gem, which set, say, with uncut sapphires and pearls, would make a splendid jewel, is the Antinous from the collection of Messrs. Spink. This is carven in agate of two strata, the upper stratum, which forms the head, is of dull, yellowish white and opaque, the lower stratum is translucent. This portrait of the romantic and beautiful favourite of Hadrian is seventeenth century work. The next two pictures are from cameos of, perhaps, a rather more ordinary style. One is a fine example of Italian shell work, the portrait of a Roman Emperor, no doubt, but time does not give us back his name. Another nameless emperor is the laureated head in cairngorm, also a fine piece of work in Messrs. Spinks's collection. The "Omphale" which follows is from the British Museum. It is an interesting example of sixteenth century work, evidently greatly appreciated in the next century, when it was set in Renaissance work and cut on the reverse with an excellent head of Hercules. E. M.

Bridge: By "Problematicus"

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTION OF OUR FOURTH FORTNIGHTLY COMPETITION

For the future, winners of prizes of one guinea will *not* be disqualified for five competitions from competing for prizes, only the winner of the first prize.

The First Prize of **£3 3 0** has been awarded to:

Joseph Brown, Esq., 14, Upper Leeson Street, Dublin.

The Second Prize of **£2 2 0** has been awarded to:

Alfred Hyde Harrison, Esq., Amery, Goring-on-Thames.

The Third Prize of **£1 1 0** has been awarded to:

W. B. Ormond, Esq., The Union Club, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The following deserve Honourable Mention for the excellence and fulness of their solutions, and very shortly they will receive consolation prizes in the shape of a "Bystander Bridge Box," containing two packs of the very best pneumatic playing cards, manufactured specially for us by De la Rue and Co. These cards contain on the backs a small replica in colours of the well-known cover, and are in every way a highly artistic and useful prize. We may add that we shall continue to present these boxes in every competition to those competitors whose solutions are worthy of commendation though not gaining a prize in the first three:

A. A. C. Davies, Esq., 27, Wemyss Road, Blackheath.

F. R. B. Atkinson, Esq., 16, Burngreave Road, Sheffield.

Dr. J. Hope, Reford, Banbridge, Devon.

Frederick Thomas Frampton, Esq., Lansdowne, Paignton, Devon.

Guy Weir Hogg, Esq., Villa des Alpes, Davos Platz, Switzerland.

A. C. Howard, Esq., Grantham Road, Sleaford.

Mrs. Hugh Gough, Garrowby Lodge, Bishop Wilton, York.

Miss Daisy Carr-Powell, 66, High Street, Oxford.

R. Satchell Everett, Esq., Elmhurst, Olton, Warwickshire.

Miss Turner, 31, Castlegate, Berwick-on-Tweed.

Inspector-General H. Hadlow, R.N., Winton, Southsea.

Major C. T. Shipley, Royal Fusiliers, Aldershot.

Colonel Steaghan, C.B., 30, Victoria Road, Norwood.

W. H. Beverly, Esq., 45, Rothbury Street, Scarborough.

Harry M. Goodall, Esq., 4, Roman Road, Hoddesdon, Herts.

C. S. Wentworth Reeve, Esq., Livermere Park, Bury St. Edmunds.

Arthur Ebury, Esq., 57, Plymouth Grove, Manchester.

J. L. Peach, Esq., Appleton-le-Street, Malton.

R. J. Thomas, Esq., The Chantry, Aylesbury.

C. S. Gully, Esq., Viareggio, Tuscany.

SOLUTION

A declares No-Trumps

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♠ 7	♠ 9	♠ 8	♠ A
2	♦ 2	♦ 3	♦ 8	♦ J
3	♦ A	♦ 4	♦ 9	♦ 5
4	♡ K	♡ 3	♡ 8	♡ A
5	♠ 2	♠ 10	♦ 10	♠ 3
6	♡ 2	♦ K	♣ 4	♡ 4
7	♡ 6	♦ Q	♣ 6	♡ 5
8	♠ 6	♦ 7	♣ 9	♣ 2
9	♠ 7	♦ 6	♡ 9	♣ 5
10	♠ K	♠ Q	♣ 10	♠ 4
11	♡ 7	♣ 3	♡ 10	♡ Q
12	♣ 8	♣ 7	♣ J	♣ A
13	♣ K	♠ J	♡ J	♣ Q

Result

A B win 10 tricks.

Y Z win 3 tricks.

The first trick is an illustration of the principle set forth in Hand VIII. in "Badsworth" of winning your partner's trick to give him a card of re-entry.

At trick 4 Y sees that he will have to lead a heart sooner or later, and he may as well do it at once. It makes no difference whether he leads the king or the two. Also he may lead a little spade, or the king of spades, followed by a little spade, and he will still make his king of clubs, or his king of hearts, discarding as A discards.

At trick 5 Y must hold up his king of spades, or he will lose another trick.

At trick 8 Y must keep his last heart to put the lead in A's hand.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & Co.,

Furniture.

Upholstery.

Decorations.

Carpets.

Bedsteads.

Bedding.

SPECIMEN "GEORGIAN" FURNISHED DINING ROOM
(one of a number of Illustrative Exhibition Rooms on view at Tottenham House).

TOTTENHAM HOUSE, Tottenham Court Road, W.

The Natural Table Water.

B-B with Whisky, Hock, Claret, or Milk makes a satisfying and delicious drink

BADEN-BADEN

Light, Bright, Sparkling

Natural Mineral Table Water **B-B** is bottled at the world-renowned Springs of Baden-Baden

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THE LIGHT-RUNNING *Yost* TYPEWRITER

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CONNOISSEURS OF **COFFEE**
DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

I wonder if it has occurred to many to note the curiously protesting spirit with which the young girl—one just about to be fledged into a fashionable butterfly—meets the adjuncts of art?

Pale Green Linen Costume, Trimmed with Lovely White Embroidery
(Sketched at Messrs. Bradley and Sons)

During the conduct of the coiffure, a rite at which both Ambrosine and I were present, and which is the initial signal towards grown-up things, I remarked especially this curious inherent personal objection to artificial aids on the part of such a young girl. Her hair chanced to be of that very fine, limp quality, the terror of the talented coiffeur, which declines to rest for the space of more than a few seconds in any given position. For such, there is only one resource, the light hair pad, the wearing of which is infinitely less detrimental than that constant frizzing up with the comb at the back of a strand or pouf, which is really the only alternative.

Well, it was before just one of these pads our young disciple rebelled; and while appraising immensely the fresh spirit which actuated the revolt, the conviction was quickly borne in upon me, how art, in the guise of some such adventitious aid, must assuredly win the day.

The Cult of the Complexion

With regard to the care of the skin, also—though here we bow our heads to a very possible storm of discussion—under the present-day auspices of experienced, tested knowledge as to the value of emollients and astringent lotions, and the like applications, a young girl can scarcely put herself early enough into some such hands as Mrs. Pomeroy's, 29, Old Bond Street.

Although the fact is barely recognised yet, nevertheless it is gradually being proved a true and irrefutable fact that a complexion, cared for and tended in due time, is a saving all round of expense, disappointment and every manner of unexpected, but always possible, complexion contingencies.

Admittedly, the epidermis of the face is the most delicate of the whole person; and yet, we clothe the rest of ourselves securely from all external influences, and expose the face to any roughening element that chances to come along; glorying, moreover, in the deed. A wholly mistaken zeal is this, believe me—or, our small wordy defence proving inadequate, then we would urge all to go and hear Mrs. Pomeroy discant on the heinousness of the bad complexion. Or there is a small booklet entitled "Beauty Rules," to be had for the asking at 29, Old Bond Street, which is a veritable text-book of honest convictions. Almost, I think, I would guarantee that a girl of any average intelligence, having once read that through, might be safely trusted to work out her own salvation in the matter of complexion; and it is

Where do you buy your Blouses?

Mrs. JACK MAY writes: The most up-to-date place is—

CHAS. LEE & SON

They have hundreds of always the freshest novelties, and they are indeed practical; every little matter of fitting is attended to at the same moderate charge as if ready made.

THE LARGEST SELECTION OF BLOUSES AND SHIRTS IN LONDON.

INEXPENSIVE NOVELTIES for Immediate Wear.

Ladies are particularly invited to inspect these numerous inexpensive specialities—

Batiste Spotted Shirt, with turnover collar of Hemstitched Linen. Smart, very useful for Country or River **6/11**

White and Coloured Lawn Blouses, the latest Lace Shoulder and Yoke, interlaced with Pink Stiched Strapping .. **11/9**

Spotted Voile & Delaine Shirts, finished with Collar or Tie of Silk, in exquisite Colouring Spots, etc. .. **14/11** to **18/11**

Linen and White Canvas Spécialité, arranged with Eglatine Coloured Embroidery, very durable and smart **18/11** to **21/-**

Voile Ninon and Crêpe de Chine Blouses, trimmed with exquisite Lawn Embroideries, hundred to select from, *worth double* the prices *marked* .. **21/-** to **42/-**

LUCINDA.
Voile Ninon or Soft Silk, gathered and interlaced with Creme Greek Lace Teneriffe, Fancy Coloured Stitching, Chiffon Sleeve, Waistband of Soft Romain Silk. **3½ Gns.**

"FAIRFAX."
White Handkerchief Linen Blouse, fine Madeira Collar and Yoke, latest Sleeve, Perfect Shape. **35/9, 39/6, 45/-**
Other designs from **12/11** with less expensive embroidery.

IRISH LINEN and EMBROIDERED WORK.

We hold an enormous stock, probably the most exclusive in London.

CHARLES LEE & SON, 98 & 100, Wigmore St., London, W.

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ARE NOW SHOWING A **SPLENDID ASSORTMENT** OF **NEWEST STYLES** IN

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Wraps.

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D In Gloria, Cream, Straw and Grey Shades, Pipings and Ornaments **£2 2 0**
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F In Gloria, Cream, Straw and Grey Shades, and Trimmings **2 18 6**

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.

THE LARGEST STOCK IN LONDON.

FEATHER STOLES

CLIPPED OSTRICH STOLES.

3 strands, 2¼ yds. **18/9**
4 ,, 2¼ yds. **29/6**
Extra rich qualities, **35/6** to **84/-**

REAL OSTRICH STOLES.

4 strands, 2¼ yds. **21/-**
5 ,, 2¾ yds. **35/6**
Extra rich qualities, **42/-** to **21** gns.

Sent on Approval.

Real Ostrich Feather Stole, as Sketch, trimmed real Marabout, **59/6**

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

needless to say that the miracle would not be worked through the medium of meretricious zinc powder and deleterious rouges. The face specialists, if they have done nothing else, have effectually dispelled the mode of the purple complexion, and for that are they to be thanked exceedingly.

Is the French Model Altogether Justified?

Another pivot, whereon I and my colleague have been turning this week, has been the French model. A small personal, individual grievance started the debate, and we are now prepared to air the query whether the slavish submission that obtains is altogether good. True it is, we are mostly dictated to in exclusive *ateliers* by French modistes, and this is where, perchance, the wrong comes in.

The unbounded faith of these patriots, in their country's productions, amounts to a fetish. Consequently, they decline for the most part to individualise at all. We have two glaring instances in mind, two models that will probably be ubiquitous, and are therefore to be avoided; the one a loose, pouching coatee, the fronts curiously pleated about the shoulders, and amazing sleeves that carry both folds and gaugings, the former opening upon a double-breasted linen or piqué vest. Now, the initial model having reached these shores, with all these salient features expressed in a curiously ungainly fashion, the ungainliness is absolutely adhered to in—to our thinking—the most mistaken ardour. And the result will be, that we shall probably end by losing altogether a most promising design.

Then another reason to be adjudged against following too closely any French model, is to be found in the fact that, after all, the import is, comparatively speaking, small; and saving only in a few rare instances, are there any exclusive sources of inspiration. Hence is it an almost foregone conclusion, that a too strict adherence to the original will necessitate meeting innumerable replicas.

The Mode in Pelerines; Made in Black Taffeta, Elaborately Ruched

Messrs. Bradley and Sons

One's thoughts inevitably flow on in sequence, which at once justifies the mention of this well-known firm in Chepstow Place, Bayswater. Here, at least, there is never any doubt as to the exclusiveness of both taste and expression. I, myself, have watched with peculiar interest the rapid growth of this house, and, observing closely their methods, am satisfied that they have grasped the secret of all great successes, which may be briefly described as a combination of close personal attention and expert workmanship. Always in the closest touch with Paris, they, notwithstanding, never buy there for buying's sake. The creed they have written down for themselves is to keep as aloof and as far apart as possible from the ordinary, which so speedily becomes the *banal*, and they have certainly acquired a peculiar faculty for absorbing the dictates of La Mode, in due course giving forth the same under completely individual aspects.

Although, where all is so genuinely good, it seems a little invidious to particularise, yet a special word of praise is irresistibly called forth by the charming evening confections. There is quite a particular *cachet* about a Bradley evening frock; you will not see its like elsewhere. It is so replete with clever subtleties, a criticism that applies with particular aptness to a white plissé chiffon, trimmed with lines of a very finely patterned ivory lace. The corsage is daringly simple, finishing with a deep tucker at the décolletage, the lower edge pouching everywhere over a high swathed ceinture of shaded orange silk that seems to be threaded in some indescribable way through the chiffon and lace in front, ending in two sharp pointed ends across the figure.

There is a very wealth of choice, too, in soft satins, taffetas, and mousselines—an apricot mousseline, by the way, recalling itself pleasantly, completed by the very smartest little Directoire lace coat imaginable. A particular *penchant* to be remarked here, also, is the tucking of a posy of roses or other flowers, in the front or left side of a high ceinture. Now, this is just a little thing, but it serves to illustrate the splendid attention to detail which will be found carried throughout every department. There is a certain finish and completeness about a Bradley creation, none can match.

For another instance, take their simple summer costumes of cotton and linen. These are the very

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THE
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I. Estates and Houses to be Sold, or Let, Unfurnished.
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ISLE OF WIGHT (close to Totland Bay).—To be LET Furnished for the summer, a charmingly situate RESIDENCE, comprising 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms (9 beds), 1½ acres of grounds, with tennis lawn Rent, 6 Guineas a week. (E.L. 53)

EASTBOURNE. (With magnificent views across the sea). To be SOLD or LET Furnished this well-built RESIDENCE, comprising beautifully-fitted sitting hall, billiard and 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, motor house. Electric light, nearly 1½ acres of grounds with tennis lawn, personally inspected and recommended. (12,194)

MIDDLESEX (Within easy distance of Town). To be SOLD a FAMILY RESIDENCE in a pleasing situation comprising: billiard and 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, stabling for 6, farmery, 6½ acres. (12,238)

SURREY (Cobham).—To be SOLD or LET on Lease an old-fashioned RESIDENCE standing in grounds of about 20 acres and containing: 4 reception, 12 bedsooms, stabling, 2 cottages, farmery. (12,124)

SOUTH WALES (close to Station).—Furnished for summer months this fine old fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: 5 reception and 12 bedrooms. Excellent stabling, charming grounds. Private trout fishing, golf close by. Rent 10 guineas a week. (12,232)

DEVON (South).—Adjacent to the sea-shore, to be SOLD a delightfully situated MANSION, approached by carriage drive with lodge entrance. Accommodation: billiard hall, 6 reception, some 30 bedrooms, stabling for 10, farm, outbuildings, cottages, 100 acres of magnificent pleasure gardens and grounds. Photos and details of GILLOWS. (12,071)

HORSHAM and GUILDFORD (between).—To be SOLD an old-fashioned COUNTRY RESIDENCE, containing: 4 reception, 15 bedrooms. Stabling, cottages, farm buildings. 172 acres of grounds. Photos and full details as above. (12,100)

MONS. and HEREFORD BORDER.—To be SOLD a fine SPORTING and RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, comprising nearly 2,000 acres in a ring fence, with well-built RESIDENCE, comprising billiard and 5 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms. Stabling for 10 horses. Most of the land is let and shows good return. Shooting, fishing and hunting. Full details, and plans of the Agents, as above. (12,261)

Flats and Chambers To Let in the West End.

MORPETH MANSIONS, Victoria, S.W. 3½ guineas per week will be accepted for one of these FLATS. Owner must Let at once. Excellently furnished. Piano, telephone, &c. Agents, GILLOWS. (3,187)

ALBERT COURT, S.W.
20 GUINEAS per Week (or close offer) would be accepted for one of these magnificent FLATS; thoroughly well furnished; 4 bed, bath, and 2 reception rooms. For season or longer. Strongly recommended by GILLOWS. (3,144)

PORTLAND PLACE (close to).—An IDEAL FLAT for a professional man. Accommodation: 3 bedrooms, bath, and 2 reception rooms, with usual offices. Lift and central hot water supply. Second Floor, very well furnished, would be Let by owner who is leaving town, at low rental of 6 guineas per week. Recommended by GILLOWS. (3,190)

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, MAYFAIR (ADJOINING)
700 GUINEAS per Annum, which barely covers unfurnished rent, is required for a most beautifully furnished FLAT. Six bed, bath, and 4 reception rooms. Newly decorated. Agents, GILLOWS. (2,750)

PRINCES GATE, S.W.
£400 per Annum will secure the lease of a flat in one of the most luxuriously appointed mansions in the West End. 6 bed and 3 reception rooms, beautifully decorated and fitted. Inspected and strongly recommended by GILLOWS. (3,137)

HYDE PARK (four minutes from). An attractive and well-furnished MAISONETTE on first and Entrance Floors would be LET, owing to owner leaving town, at very moderate rent. Four bed, bath, and two reception rooms. Electric light. Agents, GILLOWS. (3,148)

PICCADILLY, W. Charming bijou MAISONETTE, beautifully furnished, containing: 3 bedrooms, bath, and 2 reception rooms. Admirably suited for bachelor or married couple. Rent, 175 Guineas for season. Agents, GILLOWS. (3,167)

SOUTH KENSINGTON.—To LET on lease a very attractive RESIDENCE, situate within a few minutes walk of Hyde Park: 7 bed, 2 bath, and 3 reception rooms; electric light, telephone, etc. Rent, £220, and moderate premium. (40,095)

HYDE PARK.—A capital RESIDENCE, containing: 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and 4 reception rooms. Rent £135 per annum; moderate premium to include fixtures, etc. (40,101)

LEINSTER GARDENS, Hyde Park.—A very attractive medium-sized RESIDENCE, modernized at considerable expense. Nine bed and dressing rooms, bath, 5 reception rooms. Rent £180; nominal premium to include fixtures.—Agents, GILLOWS. (40,066)

BERKELEY SQUARE.—The opportunity occurs of securing the long lease of one of the choicest of the smaller houses in this favourite Square, beautifully fitted and replete with every convenience: 7 bed, bath, and 3 reception rooms.—GILLOWS. (38,225)

BELGRAVIA.—For SALE. The lease of a very fine MANSION occupying a favourite position overlooking ornamental gardens. Accommodation: 14 bed and dressing rooms. 2 baths, 6 reception rooms, and stabling for 5, newly decorated and replete with all modern improvements. (38,218)

COUNTRY HOUSES AND ESTATES.—Messrs. GILLOWS are exclusively appointed agents for many of the choicest available PROPERTIES, to be SOLD or LET, both Furnished and Unfurnished. Estate Offices, 406, Oxford Street (entrance at 48, Duke Street), W.

KENT (Commanding views over Ashdown Forest).—To be SOLD, a charming old-fashioned red brick RESIDENCE, comprising: billiard and 3 reception, 13 bedrooms, stabling for 7, cottages, farm buildings, etc. 27 acres. Hunting and golf. Price £6,000. Would be let Unfurnished. Photo. (12,230)

LEIGHTON BUZZARD.—To be SOLD, this well built RESIDENCE or HUNTING BOX, comprising billiard and 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, ample stabling, matured grounds, in all 30 acres, with an additional 50 acres if required. (12,211)

BASINGSTOKE DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, a charming RESIDENCE built in XVIth Century style, standing in grounds of 50 acres. Accommodation: sitting hall, 3 reception, 15 bedrooms, stabling for 6; cottage. Full details with photos. (12,147)

AN ELIZABETHAN MANSION in a lovely spot on the SURREY HILLS, within an hour of Town, to be SOLD or LET; stands in grounds of 46 acres. Accommodation: banqueting hall with gallery, billiard and 4 reception rooms, 19 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, good stabling, cottages, and outbuildings. Electric light. Photos. (12,201)

CHELTENHAM (near).—To be SOLD, this charmingly situated RESIDENCE, standing in grounds extending over about 400 acres. The Mansion, which is built in Gothic style, stands 800ft. above the sea-level, is approached by carriage drive, with lodge entrance, and contains: 4 reception, 13 bed and dressing rooms, stabling for 8, farm and outbuildings, cottages. Shooting, hunting, and golf. Further photos and plans of the Agents, as above. (12,180)

NEWMARKET (near).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a genuine TUDOR MANSION, containing: 4 reception rooms, 26 bedrooms, ample stabling. Excellent shooting over 5,600 acres. Rent, Furnished, £3,600 per annum. (12,237)

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£1,400—Convenient for City and West end.—A BIJOU RESIDENCE, on gravel soil, containing: six bed, bath, and four reception rooms; conservatory: charming grounds of nearly an acre.—Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

450 feet above sea. Perfect country. Extensive views.

SURREY HILLS, Limpsfield, within a few minutes' walk of the common and golf course, one mile from Oxted Station, and 40 minutes from Town.—The attractive Freehold RESIDENCE, known as The Copse, standing well back from the road, and containing: three reception, nine bed and dressing, bath and box rooms, dark room, and excellent domestic offices; well-stocked gardens and grounds, croquet and tennis lawns, conservatory, forcing house, copse, &c., in all about two acres, a small portion of which is held on a yearly agreement at a nominal rent. Useful outbuildings. With possession.

HAMPTON and SONS will SELL the above by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Monday, May 16, at 2 o'clock (unless previously sold by private treaty).

Particulars and conditions of sale of Messrs. Sweetland and Greenhill, Solicitors, 23, Fenchurch Street, E.C., and of the Auctioneers, Oxted, Surrey, and 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL (grand position on high ground, with extensive views.—For SALE, a most attractive and well-planned modern RESIDENCE, situate in the best part of this favourite residential locality, about five minutes from station. Contains: four reception and eight bed and dressing rooms, bath, and complete offices; delightful grounds, shady tennis lawns, conservatory, kitchen gardens, etc.—Full details of HAMPTON & SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CHOICE RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.

MOUNT FELIX (Walton-on-Thames).—An exceptionally choice Freehold RIVERSIDE PROPERTY, including the perfectly-appointed Mansion, placed high above the river in its beautiful old grounds and parklands; excellent stabling, lodges, etc. HAMPTON and SONS are instructed to SELL this choice Residential Estate by Private Treaty.—Estate Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Particulars and conditions of sale of Messrs. CRAWLEY, ARNOLD, and Co., Solicitors, 3, Arlington Street, S.W.; or of the Auctioneers, High Street, Wimbledon Common, and 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

500 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL; 35 minutes from Town.—To be LET, Unfurnished, an attractive RESIDENCE, containing: four reception rooms, usual offices, seven bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); small stabling; charming grounds, well timbered; tennis and croquet lawns; kitchen garden, greenhouse; would be SOLD; rent only £90; small premium.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.; and Oxted.

PERFECT RESIDENCE. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

MARLOW (high above the river, in an exquisite position in Quarry Woods, with delightful views and surroundings of great beauty).—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD (or would be Let, Furnished, for the summer), the above most artistic and perfectly fitted RESIDENCE, forming an ideal up-river retreat, standing in remarkably pretty grounds of five and a half acres, bordered by Quarry Woods. It is approached by drive from lodge, and contains: inner and outer halls, drawing or billiard-room, dining-room, morning-room, servants' hall, and complete offices, ten bedrooms, bathroom, delightful balcony, from which are charming views over river; excellent modern stabling for three horses, and rooms for coachman and groom; engine house, private boat-house, etc.: tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc. The entire premises are in perfect order, and lighted by electricity throughout. Additional land can be purchased if desired. Personally inspected and strongly recommended.—Apply HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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SURREY (Egham Hill). — To be LET, Furnished, a very pretty BIJOU RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds, and containing: 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, offices; nice lawn; good sanitation. Rent, 5 guineas per week. (F 1,140)

KENT (Walmer).—To be LET, Furnished, a Charming Detached RESIDENCE on the sea front and within easy reach of the station; it contains: 3 large reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' hall, and usual offices; small garden. Rent by the year £150, or for August and September 10 guineas per week.

WORCESTERSHIRE (Malvern).—To be LET, Furnished, a pretty QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road in pretty shady grounds, with tennis lawn; it contains: 5 reception, 14 bed and dressing-rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 6 horses. Rent, 8 guineas per week.

WORCESTERSHIRE (near Malvern).—To be LET, Furnished, a Charmingly situated RESIDENCE, commanding extensive views; it contains: 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.) and usual offices; gas and water laid on. Rent, 4½ guineas per week. (F 1,852)

HANTS (near Alton).—To be LET, Furnished, a pleasantly and Conveniently situated RESIDENCE, within three-quarter mile of station, and standing in its own grounds of about 4½ acres, with tennis lawn; it contains: square hall, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices; stabling for 4 horses, coachman's lodge, etc. Rent, 5 guineas per week. (F 1,714)

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FURNISHED and UNFURNISHED, with immediate possession.

ECCLESTON SQUARE. — Beautifully Furnished and newly decorated TOWN HOUSE to be LET, comprising 9 bedrooms, 3 reception-rooms, bathroom, and good offices; electric light, speaking tubes, and dinner lift; rent only 100 guineas for season.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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KENSINGTON.—To be LET, Unfurnished, Commodious RESIDENCE, containing: 9 bed and dressing-rooms, 5 reception rooms, studio, bathroom, and very complete offices; electric light: long lease can be had at the exceptionally low rental of £105 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.) as above.

WITHIN TWO MINUTES OF THE PARK.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE. — Well-arranged and very comfortable Bijou RESIDENCE to be LET Unfurnished, containing: 4 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, bathroom, and good offices. Rent only £120 per annum, or would be let Furnished for one year at the very low rent of £160.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.).

FLATS.

HARROD'S, LTD., are the Sole Agents for several of the principal blocks of Flats in Belgravia and Cadogan Estates. Rents from £70 to £75 Unfurnished, and also Furnished Flats from 3 guineas per week upwards.

MIDDLESEX (Harrow).—To be LET, Furnished, a very conveniently situated Modern RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds, and containing: 3 reception, 15 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and excellent domestic offices rent for 6 weeks from August 3rd 10gs. per week. (F 1,941)

WORCESTERSHIRE (Evesham). — To be LET, Furnished, till the end of September, an old-fashioned, beautifully placed RESIDENCE. standing in its own pretty grounds with tennis and croquet lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard, &c.; it contains: 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices; shooting over 300 acres by arrangement, fishing in the River Avon; rent 10gs. per week. (F 1,899)

YORKS (Wetherby).—To be LET, Furnished, a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, 300ft. above sea level, standing in 15 acres well-timbered grounds; 3 reception, billiard-room, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling. Rent 6 guineas per week. (F 1,316)

SUSSEX (near Forest Row).—To be LET, Furnished, an ancient Royal HUNTING BOX, situated in a high sheltered position. It has been thoroughly restored, with latest sanitation, and has been furnished in keeping with the place. It contains: Large oak panelled and roofed dining-room hall, with inglenook, drawing-room, 6 bedrooms (and additional man's room by arrangement), bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; stabling for two, large motor house for three cars, with inspection pit. With the house will be let a smart, up-to-date, reliable motor-car, with competent engineer-driver, who will keep same in running order at owner's expense. — Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,962)

BERKS (Maidenhead).—To be LET, Furnished, a delightfully situated RESIDENCE, within a minute's walk of the river, and standing in its own pretty grounds. It contains: 2 reception, billiard-room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling, etc. Rent for summer 12 guineas per week, £250 for the year. (F 1,419)

TO LET

DITTON HILL.—For SALE, well-built HOUSE, on deep sand subsoil, on summit of Cock Crow Hill, less than one mile from Surbiton Station; lodge entrance, carriage drive 315 yards, bordered by cedars; four acres of ornamental grounds, with gardens, hothouses, orchard, tennis court, croquet lawn, long grass terrace for archery, arboretum, rosary, and choice collections of American and other plants; fine views extending to Windsor Castle; good stabling; drainage; water and gas laid on. Or would be LET on Lease.—Apply Col. BUCKNILL, Thornfield, Bitterne.

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From LONDON (WATERLOO) and certain Suburban Stations.

FOURTEEN-DAY TICKETS to PARIS issued on May 19, 20 and 21. Return Fares, 1st class, 39s. 3d.; 2nd class, 30s. 3d.; 3rd class, 26s. (N.B.—Through bookings to Paris have been arranged from the principal Northern Companies. Ask for tickets *via* Southampton and Havre).

To CHERBOURG, on May 21, Fare 23s. 6d.; To HAVRE, on May 20 and 21, also to ST. MALO, on May 20, Fares 24s. 6d.

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to the WEST OF ENGLAND, WEYMOUTH, BOURNEMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON, PORTSMOUTH (for the ISLE OF WIGHT), &c., see programmes, obtainable at any of the Company's London Stations and Offices, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E. CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

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And at BARTON ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

perfection of desirable prettiness, admirably made and finished, in flax linen, after the style of the model pictured here, for £3 19s. 6d. Although our artist has rendered a faithful portraiture of the gown as far as outline goes, even her talent cannot hope to express the admirable quality of embroidery used on the little blouse bodice, and used, moreover, in accordance with the latest decrees, in long shoulder lines, a broad front empiècement, and as a finish to the full, drooping sleeves. With the river season close at hand, together with the many other events warranting the wear of the daintily designed linen dress, a visit to Messrs. Bradley's is to be regarded in the light of an imperative duty. We are emphatically convinced, indeed, of the fact that under no conditions is such a possession to be acquired at the like price.

Further Events at Debenham and Freebody's

The continual movement at this house, in Wigmore Street, keeps us all busy. But it speaks the spirit of the day. Treading closely on the heels of that interesting sale of laces, antique and reproductions, which held us all spellbound for the space of a week, there now comes a show of that great needlework establishment, Helbronnér's, whose entire business—stock, lock, and barrel—Debenham's have bought, and transferred to 21, Wigmore Street. And to inaugurate this splendid stroke of business, a sale is being held, principally to dispose of a large and unnecessary accumulation of stock, which, for the greater convenience of purchasers, has been divided into eight groups, clearly indexed in a capitally planned catalogue, of which a previous study is advised.

Here is an opportunity not likely to occur again quickly, if, indeed, it ever does, of picking up bargains in brocade cushion squares, table centres, and even curtain lengths, all this class of goods being ruthlessly marked down to less than half-price in many instances, while a certain smaller percentage of the famed ecclesiastical embroidery details, together with slightly soiled secular items, such as ready traced linen work, half worked and traced canvases, brocade photograph frames, and the like, offer peculiar facilities for laying in a stock of bazaar needs.

And, afterwards, Messrs. Debenham and Freebody propose to carry on, under improved methods, this business built up by Helbronnér, which stands unique in character and individuality, conditions that will still be steadily preserved, since the services of Miss Barclay and other members of the staff have been retained.

The sale started on the 9th, and will continue until the required reduction of stock has come about.

Our second picture this week discloses the prevailing mode of pelerine, expressed in black taffeta, elaborately ruched with the same, and finished by long stole ends.

The Menu

For a Dinner Party of Eight Persons

Consommé au Parmesan. Clear Soup, with grated Parmesan Cheese

Whitebait. Brown Bread and Butter.

Bouchées de Concombre.

Fillets of Beef Grenadines, with Mushrooms and Poiveade Sauce.
Forequarter of Lamb.
Haricots verts and new potatoes.
Charlotte à l'Alexandre.
Caviar Canapés.
Dessert. Coffee.

BOUCHÉES DE CONCOMBRE

Procure a nice straight cucumber, cut it in lengths about an inch long, peel it, and take out the inside, leaving one end for the bottom. Have ready some minced chicken, ham, or anything you have in the way of white meat, and some lettuce, chopped fine; mix all together, with some mayonnaise sauce, fill the cucumber, and dish up with any nice salad in the centre, and chopped aspic round.

FILLETS OF BEEF GRENADINES WITH MUSHROOMS AND POIVEADE SAUCE

Cut a piece of fillet in slices, three-quarters of an inch thick, and trim them to a pear shape, about three and a half inches long and three inches wide. Lard these with fat bacon, and put these grenadines into a sauté-pan with some brown sauce and a gill of Marsala; put the pan over the fire, and, when the grenadines are done, glaze them and dish them in a circle. Fill the centre with a pyramid of small mushrooms mixed in poiveade sauce.

POIVEADE SAUCE

Shred and wash the following vegetables: one head of celery, two carrots, two onions, one shallot, one clove of garlic, one turnip, two leeks, three tomatoes; then put them in a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of lean ham and two ounces of butter. Fry them, but not very brown. Add half a pint of vinegar and let it boil till quite reduced; then stir in 3 oz. of flour and 3 pints of stock. Add a bouquet garni, six cloves and twenty-four peppercorns, with a pinch of pepper and salt. Stir well and simmer gently one hour. Pass through a sieve and it is ready for use.

CHARLOTTE À L'ALEXANDRE

Line a mould with oiled paper, then with finger biscuits; fill it with the following mixture: ¼lb. chocolate, ½ pint of milk; stir into it the yolks of three eggs, and ¼oz. of leaf gelatine. Put it on the fire till it thickens, strain into a basin, and, when cool, add ½ pint of whipped cream. Pour this mixture into the mould, and let it set. When turned out, pour over it a little apricot sauce, with pistachio nuts shred into it.

APRICOT SAUCE

Melt four tablespoonfuls of apricot jam with about two tablespoonfuls of water; let it boil and pass through a hair sieve.

CAVIAR CANAPÉS

Cut some slices ¼in. thick; cut them out with a plain 2in. cutter, and fry three rounds in a little clarified butter till of a light golden colour. When cold, spread them over with Montpelier butter, and place a layer of caviar on the top. Squeeze lemon on them and serve.

MONTPELIER BUTTER

Pick the leaves of a quantity of watercress, mince them as finely as possible and dry them in a cloth. Then mince them still more and dry them again. Then knead them with as much fresh butter as they will take up, adding a very little salt and pepper.

EMILIA

MELANYL THE ORIGINAL MARKING INK IN ONE BOTTLE

Requiring no Heat. Has been tested for 25 years and proved its superiority over all others.

Guaranteed absolutely indelible and harmless.

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NOTE FOR

MAY, 1904.

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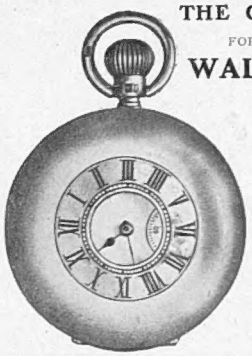

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"CANNSTATT, 10 *February*, 1904."

"The 1904 Motor reaches 28 H.P., compared with 22 H.P. of the 1903 Motor."

Telegrams: "CANNSTATT, LONDON." Telephone: 10,714 CENTRAL.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Bechstein Hall

Mr. Percival Garratt, who announces a piano recital at the Bechstein Hall on the evening of the 20th of this month, has studied in Vienna under Professor Louis Rée, and subsequently with Charles Klindworth in Berlin. He made his first appearance in Vienna with much success; since then he has been touring a good deal on the Continent and in the provinces. Last year he took the first prize for composition at the Reading Festival, when his work and performances were highly commended by Sir Walter Parratt.

Mr. Garratt will be assisted by Miss Alice Holländer, who, amongst other things, is singing four of Garnet Cox's beautiful songs accompanied by the composer.

Our Coloured Supplement

"Mine Host of 'The Spotted Dog'" has an expansive smile which ought to warm the hearts of our readers this week. Mr. Charles Crombie has drawn the very beau ideal of a hospitable landlord, and one worthy in every way to be the subject of one of our supplements.

The Whitsuntide Holidays

The railway companies are well to the fore this year with attractive schedules for holiday-makers at Whitsuntide. In addition to the excursions to the fashionable holiday and health resorts of the South Coast, Somerset, Devon, and North Cornwall, the London and South Western Railway Company have arranged a series of combined land and sea trips. Programmes giving full particulars obtainable at the Company's London Offices and Stations, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, superintendent of the line, Waterloo Station, London, S.E.

The London and North Western Company announce that the ticket offices at Euston, Broad Street, Kensington, Victoria (Pimlico), and Willesden Junction will be open throughout the day from Monday, May 16, to Whit Monday, May 23, inclusive, so that passengers wishing to obtain tickets can do so at any time of the day prior to the starting of the trains. The company also announce cheap excursions for the Whitsuntide holidays to Scotland, Ireland, North, South, and Central Wales, Blackpool, Southport, Morecambe, the English Lake District, Leamington, Buxton, Malvern, and many other seaside and inland watering places.

The Great Western Railway Company's excursion programme provides for pleasure seekers of all classes. Rapid transit on this popular line will be given to all the company's celebrated seaside and inland health and pleasure resorts. Pamphlets, containing full particulars of the Whitsuntide excursions, riverside bookings, and week-end arrangements, will be forwarded by the company's divisional officers, station masters, or town office agents on receipt of a postcard stating the information required.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

"Cardigan." By Robert W. Chambers. (Constable.) 2*s.* 6d.

"Isabel Broderick." By Alice Jones. (John Lane.) 6*s.*

"The Kiss of the Enemy." By Headon Hill. Cassell and Co.) 6*s.*

"Nature's Comedian." By W. E. Norris. (Longmans.) 6*s.*

"Naughty Man." By John Luther Long. (Ward, Lock.) 6*s.*

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Shorter Works of Walter Savage Landor." (Newnes. Thin Paper Classics.) 3*s.* 6*d.*

"The Story of Alpine Climbing." By Francis Gribble. (Newnes.) 1*s.*

"The Koreans at Home." By Constance Tayler. (Cassell and Co.) 3*s.* 6*d.*

"Best Ways out of London." (The Car Library, Vol. II.) Published by the *Car*. Illustrated. 1*s.* 6*d.*

"Guide to Brighton." (Ward, Lock.) Illustrated. 1*s.*

MAGAZINES, Etc.

"The London Magazine." "Longmans' Magazine." "The Lady's Realm."

"The Tiger." (Edited by T. W. H. Crosland.)

"Part 2. Royal Academy Pictures." (Cassell and Co.) 1*s.* net.

"Part 4. Russo-Japanese War." (Illustrated.) (Cassell and Co.). Sixpence, net.

Distance travelled equivalent to 1¼ times round the World.

The Steam Wagon belonging to Messrs. John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., was awarded the first prize in the Special Class at the Parade of Motor Wagons, organised by the Automobile Club held on the Thames Embankment on Saturday, April 30, 1904. The Wagon has been in use for about three-and-a-half years, and during that time has travelled a distance of over *30,000 miles*, or equivalent to 1¼ times round the World

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